

THE  
HUSBAND  
His own  
CUCKOLD.  
A  
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the Theater in Little  
*Lincolns-Inn-Fields,*

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

---

*Written by Mr. John Dryden, Jun.*

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*Et Pater Aeneas, & Avunculus excitet Hector.*

*Virg.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Tonson, at the Judge's-Head in Fleetstreet,  
near the Inner Temple-Gate, 1696.

THE  
HUSBAND

His own

QUICK OLD

COMEDY

As it is Acted at the Theater in Little  
London-Street.

By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Written by the Author of the

Two Days of the Queen's

CONJURY

Printed for J. Tonson at the Judge's Head in Fleet Street  
near the Inner Temple Gate, 1696.



## TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT HOWARD, &amp;c.

SIR,

**A** Trifle of this kind is so little worthy your attention, that I know not how to make a fair way for its appearance, and beg you to give it audience. The Muses are become so prostitute, that every Enthusiast begets a work on 'em; Plays are grown meer Foundlings, and generated so fast, that we find one or more laid at the door of every Noble Man; and these impudent Begetters are not satisfy'd that you give their unlawful Issue a maintenance and rearing, but have the Conscience also to expect a Reward for easing themselves on you of their ungodly burthen. Sir, I must confess I am little better than a lewd Sinner of this Order, but have so much Grace and Modesty at least to require no Recompense where I ought to be begging Pardon for committing a slip of this nature. I am confident I cou'd not chuse a more indulgent Foster-Father; and tho' my very Name bears an accusation against me, yet I have the honour also to be related to the Muses by the Mothers side; for you your self have been guilty of Poetry, and a Family Vice is therefore the more excusable in me, who am unluckily a Poet by descent. Rouse is a Noble Exercise, and like a reserved Game seems intended wholly for the recreation of Learned Gentlemen, or such at least as have had liberal Education, and these have still succeeded best in it. But we see the illiterate breaking in daily on the Quarry, and even those assuming to themselves the name of Poets, who never had any other call to that Art

## The Dedication.

beside the hope of a third day. If one half of us who set up for making Plays, understood what Horace says in these Lines, it may be we should not vainly presume to think our selves what indeed we are not.

Descriptas servare Vices, operumque Colores,  
Cur Ego, si nequeo, ignoreoque Poeta salutor.

Shakespeare among all the Writers of our Nation may stand by himself as a Phoenix, the first and last of his Order; in whom bounteous Nature wonderfully supply'd all the parts of a great Poet; and Excellent Orator; and of whom alone one may venture boldly to say, that had he had more Learning, perhaps he might have been left a Poet. 'Tis certain the good nature of the Town suffers any thing for the sake of Novelty and Entertainment, however meagre, and the encouraging some miserable Writers, is to be allow'd more an act of Charity than Judgment; for tho' Poverty be generally the end of a Poet, I think it is but a very lamentable beginning. There is a large difference between those, who following the itch of gaining empty applause, mispend their time in writing themselves into necessity, and such who spend their time in writing themselves out of it; and where the Muse begins with the want of a Meats-meat. The former might be any thing else better than what they chuse to be; the latter, because they can be nothing else, wou'd fain be Poets. 'Tis dangerous making a Pastime of any one thing so long, that at last we are glad to embrace it as a Profession; like those, who after they have melted all their Substance in search of the Philosopher's-Stone, are forc'd in the end to turn Chymists. But of this enough; for I am already conscious to my self of deviating something from my Theme, and can only form this application out of what I have said, that you, Sir, have prudently known how to make the best use of your Excellent Talent in this kind, by applying it to your diversion, and the unbending your Mind. By these means, you have happily given our Country a great Poet in your Writings; and at the same time have not omitted the more necessary part of giving her a Great States-Man, and Hero; to which Eminency your Birth, Courage, and Capacity have equally rais'd you. And should I enlarge on these Heads, I am confident the World wou'd not tax me of the least flattery, and I shou'd only be guilty of not giving you your due; but you are reserv'd for a better Pen, and silence therefore

# The Dedication.

therefore is a good fault in me. I have only now to beg pardon for sending so mean a Trifle so long a Voyage; 'tis so full of faults I know not how to give it the name of a Play. The Italians when they know not what to make of a thing, call it Un Pasticcio Inglese; what kind Complement they intend our Country in the Expression I know not, but I believe they mean no better than a Hutch-podge. 'Tis my first Poetical Cookery of this sort, and whatever it be, I humbly submit it to your Censure, but more to your Patronage; and with it,

Sir,

Rome, August  
the 20th, 1695.  
New-Style.

Your most oblig'd humble

Servant and Nephew,

John Dryden.

THE

THE  
P R E F A C E  
O F

Mr. *Dryden*, to his Son's Play.

I Have thought convenient to acquaint the Reader with somewhat concerning this Comedy, though perhaps not worth his knowledge. It was sent me from *Italy* some years since, by my second Son, to try its fortune on the Stage: And being the Essay of a young un-experienc'd Author; to confess the truth, I thought it not worthy of that honour. 'Tis true, I was not willing to discourage him so far, as to tell him plainly my Opinion, but it seems he guess'd somewhat of my Mind, by my long delays of his expectation: And therefore in my absence from the Town last Summer, took the boldness to Dedicate his Play to that Person of Honour, whose Name you will find before his Epistle. It was receiv'd by that Noble Gentleman with so much Candor and Generosity, as neither my Son nor I cou'd deserve from him. Then the Play was no longer in my power, the Patron demanding it in his own right, it was deliver'd to him. And he was farther pleas'd, during my Sickness, to put it into that Method in which you find it; the loose Scenes digested



## THE PREFACE.

digested into order, and knit into a Tale. As it is, I think it may pass amongst the rest of our New Plays; I know but two Authors, and they are both my Friends, who have done better since the Revolution. This I dare venture to maintain, that the Taste of the Age is wretchedly deprav'd, in all sorts of Poetry, nothing almost but what is abominably bad can please. The young Hounds who ought to come behind, now lead the pack, but they miserably mistake the scent. Their Poets, worthy of such an Audience, know not how to distinguish their Characters; the Manners are all alike, inconsistent and interfering with each other. There is scarce a Man or Woman of God's making in all their Farces: yet they raise an unnatural sort of laughter, the common effect of Buffoonry; and the Rabble which takes this for Wit, will endure no better, because 'tis above their Understanding. This account I take from the best Judges, for I thank God, I have had the grace hitherto to avoid the seeing or reading of their Gallimaufries. But 'tis the latter end of a Century, and I hope the next will begin better. This Play I dare assure the Reader is none of those; it may want Beauties, but the faults are neither gross, nor many. Perfection in any Art is not suddenly obtain'd; the Author of this, to his misfortune, left his Country at a time when he was to have learn'd the Language. The Story he has treated, was an Accident which happen'd at Rome, though he has transferr'd the Scene to *England*. If it shall please God to restore him to me, I may perhaps inform him better of the Rules of Writing; and if I am not partial, he has already shewn, that a Genius is not wanting to him.

All



## The PREFACE.

All that I can reasonably fear, is that the perpetuall good success of ill Plays may make him endeavour to please by writing worse, and by accommodating himself to the wretched capacity and liking of the present Audience, from which, Heaven defend any of my Progeny. A Poet indeed, must live by the many, but a good Poet will make it his business to please the few. I will not proceed farther on a Subject which arraigns so many of the Readers. For what remains, both my Son and I are extremely oblig'd to my dear Friend Mr. Congreve, whose Excellent Prologue was one of the greatest Ornaments of the Play. Neither is my Epilogue the worst which I have written; though it seems at the first sight to expose our young Clergy with too much freedom. It was on that Consideration that I had once begun it otherwise, and deliver'd the Copy of it to be spoken, in case the first part of it had given offence. This I will give you partly in my own justification, and partly too, because I think it not unworthy of your sight. Only remembring you that the last line connects the sense to the ensuing part of it. Farewell, Reader, if you are a Father you will forgive me, if not, you will when you are a Father.

*Time was when none could Preach without Degrees,*

*And seven years toil at Universities:*

*But when the Canting Saints came once in play,*

*The Spirit did their business in a day.*

*A Zealous Cöbler with the gift of Tongue,*

*If he cou'd Pray six hours, might Preach as long.*

## THE PREFACE.

Thus, in the Primitive Times of Poetry,  
The Stage to none but Men of sense was free.  
But thanks to your judicious taste, my Masters,  
It lies in common now to Poetasters.  
You set them up, and 'till you dare Condemn,  
The Satire lies on you, and not on them.  
• When Mountebanks their Drugs at Market cry,  
Is it their fault to sell, or yours to buy?  
'Tis true, they write with ease, and well they may,  
Fly-blows are gotten every Summers day,  
The Poet does but buzz, and there's a Play.

Wit's not his business, &c.

---

• Prologue,

**T**HIS Year has been Remarkable two ways,  
 For Blooming Poets, and for Blasted Plays;  
 We've been by much appearing Plenty mock'd,  
 At once both tantaliz'd, and over-stock'd.  
 Our Authors too, by their success of late,  
 Begin to think third days are out of date.  
 What can the Cause be, that our Plays want sleep,  
 Unless they have a Rest some Year, like Sheep?  
 For our parts, we confess we're quite astonish'd  
 To read such Weekly-Bills of Pains damn'd.  
 Each Parish knows 'tis but a mournful Case  
 When Christnings fall, and Funerals increase.  
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,  
 There will be Writings that will ne'er be read.  
 Why will you be such Wits, and write such things?  
 You're willing to be Wasps, but want the stings.  
 Let not your Spleen provoke you to this rage,  
 'Od's life you don't know what you do, Sirs, when you write.  
 You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,  
 Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;  
 Ladies and all, I faith, now get astride.  
 Contriving Characters, and Scenes, and Plots,  
 Is grown as common now, as knitting Knots;  
 With the same ease, and negligence of thought,  
 The Charming Play is writ, and Fringe is wrought.  
 Tho' this is frightful, yet we're more afraid,  
 When Ladies leave, that Beaux will take the Trade:  
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop,  
 But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.  
 How shall we make this Mode of Writing sink?  
 A Mode said I? 'Tis a Disease, I think,  
 A stubborn Tetter that's not cur'd with Ink.  
 For still it spreads, till each th infection takes,  
 And seizes ten for one that it forsakes:  
 Our Play to day is sprung from none of these,  
 Nor should you Damn it, tho' it does not please,  
 Since born without the bounds of your four Seas.  
 For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,  
 Yet as a Stranger, there is something due:  
 From Rome (to try its fate) this Play was sent,  
 Start not at Rome, for there's no Popery meant;  
 Where e'er the Poet does his dwelling chuse,  
 Yet still he knows his Country claims his Muse.  
 Hither an Offering his first-Born he sends,  
 Whose good or ill success, on you depends.  
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,  
 As due to greater Merit than his own,  
 And begs the Sire may for the Son atone.  
 There's his last Refuge, if the PLAT don't take,  
 Yet spare Young Dryden for his Father's sake.

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle. Written by  
Mr. Dryden.

**I** F some raw Sophister that mounts the Pulpit,  
So trembles a young Poet at a full Pill;  
Unus'd to Crowds, the Parson quakes for fear,  
And wonders how the Devil he durst come there;  
Wanting three Talents needful for the Place,  
Some Beard, some Learning, and some little Grace:  
Nor is the Piny Poet void of Care;  
For Authors, such as our new Authors are,  
Have not much Learning, nor much Wit to spare:  
And as for Grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce any.  
But as little as this same Parson:  
Both say, they Preach and Write for your Instruction:  
But 'tis for a Third Day, and for Induction.  
The difference is, that tho' you like the Play,  
The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his Day;  
But with the Parson 'tis another Case,  
Hes withollu Holiness, may rise to Grace;  
The Poet, however, is advantage more,  
That if his Play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,  
Not only a damn'd Blockhead, but a damn'd Poor.  
But Dullness well becomes the Sable Garmen;  
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's Preference;  
Wit's not his Business, and as Wit now goes,  
Sir, 'tis not so much yours as you suppose,  
For you like nothing now but nauseous Beaux.  
You laugh not, Gallants, as by proof appears,  
At what his Beauty says, but what he wears;  
So 'tis your Eyes are tickled, not your Ears:  
The Taylor and the Furrier find the Stuff,  
The Wit lies in the Dress, and monstrous Muff.  
The Truth on't is, the Payment of the Pie  
Is like for like, Clip Money for Clip Wit.  
You cannot from our absent Author hope  
He should equip the Stage with such a Pop:  
Fools Change in England, and new Fools arise,  
For tho' th' Immortal Species never dies,  
Yet ev'ry Year new Margots make new Flies.  
But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find  
One Fool, for Million that he left behind.

Dramatis



# Dramatis Personæ

Sir John Crossit.

Old Landy.

Sir Timothy Shallow.

Lurch.

Feewall, Kinsman to Old Landy.

Bellville, in Love with Lucy.

Doctor Lorman.

Scribe, a Scrivener.

Elliot, a Servant to Mr. Bellville's Uncle.

Lady Crossit, Wife to Sir John.

Mrs. Lucy, Old Landy's Daughter.

Mrs. Lurch, Wife to Lurch.

Phil, Woman to Mrs. Lucy.

Grace }  
AND } Two Waiting-Women.

Betty.

Dramatis

THE



THE  
HUSBAND  
His own  
CUCKOLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir John Crolius and Lurch.

**N**eighbour Lurch, I am heartily glad to see you, but why that melancholy Face, that Countenance in Eclipse, how goes the World Man?

**Lurch.** How goes the World, Sir John? why how should it go with a marry'd Man? I have been marry'd a whole half year, in which time I have had more business on my hands, than a Secretary of State, have rais'd more Out-works than any Governour of a Citadel to preserve my Wife's Chastity: In short, I am so broken and brought down with this blessed half year of Wedlock, that at the end of the next half, I am of Opinion I shall be Celebrated with the Anniversary of my Funeral: the Doctors have almost given me over already.

**Sir John.** And the Midwives too, Neighbour; you have enter'd indirectly upon this business of Matrimony, without making some necessary reflections. Why, in the name of goodness, what could provoke you with these some fifty years, as I modestly suppose on your back, at such an Age of Yumbling to take a Girl of fifteen?

**Lurch.** Why, Sir John? to answer you with the same freedom what you interrogate, this was my Reason; you are not ignorant, as being my Neighbour, that I have thriven in the World; having so done, I began to bethink my self of making a retreat from business, in order to enjoy the declension of my days as comfortably as I could.

**Sir John.**

*Sir John.* In order to which, you took a Wife, a very pretty retreat from Business and the World, and an excellent Cordial for a Man in a declining Condition; then to finish the happiness of your retreat, you are most abominably jealous, and take all the care imaginable to divulge it to the World, by depriving your Wife of those Christian Liberties which all Wife Men allow theirs; as you order your affairs, Neighbour, you had as good make a publick Proclamation in the Streets of London, I have a pretty young Wife, who will make me a Cuckold, you do the same thing in effect already.

*Lurch.* Sir John, I am oblig'd to you for the Summary you have been pleas'd to make of my present Condition; but methinks in the first part of your Discourse, where you take notice of the little or no Comfort there is to be had in Marriage with so small concern, you seem to forget that you your self are a marry'd Man.

*Sir John.* Forget, say you, that will be more than my married Man and Christianom could ever do yet; but I remember it as I do, and with as little regret as possibly I can. I have been married now these ten years, that is to say, I have serv'd almost two Apprenticeships to Matrimony, 'twere hard if I were not Master of my Vocation.

*Lurch.* So it should seem indeed, by your advising me to allow my Wife that Christian Liberty which you say all wife Men allow theirs; 'tis a Heathen Liberty, a Crime Capital, the broad Road to Cuckoldom.

*Sir John.* I tell you, Neighbour, you talk like a meer Novice in Matrimony, give me leave to tell you, 'tis in vain to confine them; for the more Women are constrain'd and depriv'd of Liberty, the more eager they are in the pursuit of it; if you vex them, they'll cross you, 'tis an original perverseness they inherit by Nature. why, I tell you once again they are the crooked rib of Adam, they love nothing like cross purposes.

*Lurch.* 'Tis well there are no Women here to hear you; but still I say no liberty; if I must be a Cuckold, I shall have this satisfaction at least, to be made one my own way.

*Sir John.* 'Tis pity but your Wife should give it you; I am afraid, Neighbour, I am afraid you have Capricorn gloriously ascending in your Nativity, you have a very foreboding look with you.

*Lurch.* Sir John, you that are so good at decyphering other Peoples looks, had best look at home; since I am provoked to speak my mind, I have observed that there is a certain swindling two-handed well set black Doctor, who comes very often to feel your Lady's Pulse, I think they call him the Ladies Doctor in the Town, but he looks more like a Horn Doctor; I am of opinion your Lady is not so often indispos'd for nothing.

*Sir John.* You mean Doctor Lorman, that insignificant Pop Doctor, who has not the tenth part of the Learning of a Mountebank in *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, a meer Crevar and Periwig one, who never knew beyond the composition of a Washball or a Pomatum, or how to prescribe a Chyster for my Lady's Lap-Dog. He is not the first Coxcomb that has pass'd with Women for a Man of Parts; but to confess freely to you, Neighbour, I never

I never yet suspected my Wife's Virtue with the Doctor; I know her to be humorous and fantastick, and therefore as she is often troubled with little indispositions, I am willing to let her have the Doctor she fancyes.

*Lurch.* You take a very prudent course Sir *John*, according to your Maxim of Christian Liberty.

*Sir John.* This it is to be in company with a Man that's Jealous; Neighbour, thou art just like those who are seized with the Plague, they are not satisfied to have the Disease themselves, but make it their business to infect others: all Husbands ought to avoid thee as the Contagion, thou art full of the Purples of Jealousie. But no more of this, here comes my Wife.

*Enter Lady Crossin, leaning on her Woman.*

*Lady Crossin.* Oh! Grace, I am so very weak and faint all o'th' sudden, that except you hold me up, I shall scarcely have strength to come to your Master. Oh, Sir *John*, where are you? I have got such a dizziness in my head, I can scarcely see from one end of the Room to the other.

*Sir John.* What's the matter, my Dear, what new accident has befallen you?

*L. Crossin.* Oh, Sir *John*, no new accident, 'tis my old misfortune, the Vapours, a sudden faintness, a kind of a Falling-Sickness, that reigning Disease among Ladies of Quality. Oh! dear Sir *John*, send quickly, before I have another Fit for that fine Doctor, who is so famous for Curing the Ladies of their Vapours; Oh, oh, I am ready to fall, I am so faint; quickly, Sir *John*, quickly.

*Sir John.* Have a little patience, my Dear, 'till I go to the door and give orders. Who's without there? d'ye hear,

*[Over to the door, Enter a Servant.]*

Run immediately and fetch your Lady's Doctor hither, desire him to come with all possible speed.

*L. Crossin.* O fie, Sir *John*, how you give a Message to a Doctor of such a Repute! I find I must word it my self, tho' I am so very faint. D'you hear, Fellow, run quickly to the Gentleman your Master has mention'd, and present Sir *John*'s humble service to him, and besure you remember to give mine in particular. This Fellow's such a Sot he'll never remember half the Message. And, do you hear, let the worthy Doctor know I have had a most violent Fit of the Vapours. *[Exit Servant.]*

O fie, Sir *John*, what Servants you keep, what a beastly leg the Fellow has made, and dirty'd all the boards of my Room.

*Sir John.* My Dear, you take no notice of my Neighbour *Lurch* here.

*Lady Crossin.* O Mr. *Lurch*, I protest I never saw you all this while, I am utterly ashamed of my self for being so unmannerly, pray Mr. *Lurch* how does the good young Woman do?

# The Husband and his Carrots

*Lurch.* Whom does your Ladyship mean, if I may be so bold?

*L. Crof.* I mean the good young Woman your Wife.

*Lurch.* I left her at home very well, at your Ladyship's service, under Lock and Key.

*L. Crof.* I need not ask you how you like a married Life, you are but in Honey-Moon yet.

*Lurch.* [Aside.] If there be a honey-Month in Marriage, I should be glad to find it; but I'll swear I have felt nothing but the Sting, without one drop of the Honey hitherto.

*Sir John.* My Neighbour is but a meer Bridegroom yet, my Dear; by that time he has been as long Marry'd as you and I have been, he'll be able to give a good account of it. What say you, Neighbour, to ten years of Matrimony?

*Lurch.* Why I say, *Sir John*, that in half that time Matrimony wou'd give a better account of me.

*L. Crof.* I protest, *Mr. Lurch*, I forgot to ask you one Question, is your Wife never troubled with Vapours?

*Lurch.* O yes, of all sorts, Madam. I am sure the Hectors and Vapours me sufficiently.

*L. Crof.* 'Tis a sign she is well born, for Vapours are more frequent among Persons of Quality, than those of mean Condition; I believe I have the ablest Physician in all Christendom for removing of them.

*Sir John.* Pray Neighbour let me recommend my Wife's Doctor to you, I'll send him to visit your Spouse to-morrow, or next day, or when you will.

*Lurch.* No, *Sir John*, I am in no haste, I thank you, my Wife is in no such want of a Doctor yet, as yours.

*L. Crof.* You need not fear one sending the Doctor to you, Neighbour, he's not so easily sent; he's not a Person who runs after Patients, on my word, the whole Town runs after him. But what's the reason, Neighbour you did not bring your Wife along with you? I warrant you have left her at home all alone; fie, you do very ill, Neighbour, 'tis enough to make a young Woman grow melancholy, and despair; you ought to take her abroad, and sit her sometimes.

*Sir John.* Come, Neighbour, I know my Spouse will be glad of some Company to pass away her indisposition; come, I won't be deny'd, you must step home now immediately and bring your Wife to us, 'tis a deed of Charity. But if you hear Neighbour, do not forget in returning, to come along with her.

*Lurch.* You might have omitted your last Commands, for here's a swindling black Doctor to be seen, who looks like a Bird of Prey.

*Sir John.* [Aside.] So, I have taken a very good pretence to send him for his Wife; the impertinencies of this Doctor, whom I expect every minute, will make the jealous Rogue buls like a vex'd Wain.

*L. Crof.*



*Lady Crof.* O Sir John, why would you send for Company? I can't endure to receive Visits when I have got the Vapours: I am so indisposed at present, I am fit only to be seen by a Physician.

*Sir John.* I thought 'twas your desire, my Dear, I did it to procure you some Company to pass away time, and divert Melancholy, but you always pervert my good Intentions.

*Lady Crof.* I do rather you'd procure me a Physician: Oh, oh, Prig! faint again all o'th' sudden, your Arm quickly, Grace, your Arm quickly, al

*Enter Dr. Lorman.*

*Grace.* Courage, Madam, here comes the Doctor.

*Dr. Lorm.* Sir John, after having protested the more than ordinary Concern I had, when just now I was informed by one of your Attendants, of the most unwelcome Name of your very Honoured Lady's indisposition; I ought to make a full Apology for my appearance in this negligent and too familiar Habit. But I have been so pursued and persecuted by several Persons of Honour at home for this whole Morning, that as I am a Professor of Physick, I have not had a Minute leisure to compose and put my self into a decent posture, in order to visit and attend those Patients, for whom I reserve so much esteem and respect, as usually do for your self, and much honour'd good Lady.

*[While the Doctor and Sir John Talk and Ban together.]*

*Lady Crof.* *[Aside to Grace.]* What do you think Grace, is he not a Comely, Proper, Well-set, Black Man? He is absolutely the chiefest Physician in all Europe.

*Dr. Lorm.* Worthy Sir, you confound me with your Goodness. But that I may not neglect the great end for which I came hither, I must beg your permission to approach your fair Lady, and take the Moments of her Pulse.

*Sir John.* What a flourishing Compliment this! A Patient might expire in the while he's making a Compliment of Entrance, or setting his Wig in order.

*Lady Crof.* O welcome, Doctor. I have been dying for you, absolutely dying for you, I have had such a terrible fit of the Vapours; but the very sight of you has half Cur'd me already.

*Dr. Lorm.* Why, that is not altogether impossible, Madam, for I have had several Patients, who have protested to me, that they have discover'd, I know not how to express my self, a few quyness in my Physogno-my, that my very first appearance, I will not say has absolutely Cur'd them, but has given them a present cure from the Distemper under which they then labour'd.

*Lady Crof.* Good Doctor feel my Pulse quickly; how does it beat? I am a Woman of this World or no?

*[Feels her Pulse.]*

*Sir:*



Sir John, (aside.) 'Tis a brave fellow, he's able to beggar a whole College of Physicians.

Dr. Lorm. Madam, you have a very uneven disorder'd Pulse, it beats an alarm: But I shall order you a Pulse to rectify it immediately, as also to remove those Obstructions from your Heart and Stomach, which generate and beget Vapours.

Sir John, (aside.) The Rogue has got the Trick of the French Doctors, he prescribes a Titre to every Disturbance.

Enter Lurch and Mrs. Lurch.

Neighbour Lurch; I see you are a Man of your Word, you are doubly welcome now.

Lurch, (aside.) Here is that Doctor whom Heaven confound.

Sir John, Doctor Lorm, this is a worthy Neighbour of mine, and this a Fair Lady call'd Mrs. Wild, whom I recommend to you as a Patient, that she may list her self under the Protection of so able a Physician.

Lurch, (aside to Sir John.) Methinks you are very forward in recommending another Village Wife, Sir John, but I shall never hereafter you would neither list my Wife for a Patient, nor me for a Cuckold.

Dr. Lorm, (to Mrs. Lurch.) Madam, I cannot but harbour an exceeding Esteem for your Person, in which, as the first view, I discover such transcendunt Merits, and as I have dedicated my self and my whole Art, to the Service of the Fair Sex, I should be infinitely transported, if ever I may be able to serve you in any particular of my Profession.

Mrs. Lurch, Sir, I shall thank my self highly in being assisted by One, whose Famous Cures have fill'd all Eyes with admiration, and all Tongues with sufficient Matter of Discourse.

Lurch, (aside.) So, he's in with him already; now am I all over a sweat, I shall have him laying his brashy Fie on her Pulse immediately.

Dr. Lorm. As for my Cures, Madam, (but first let me beg the Honour of your Fair Hand to consult your Pulse) as for my Cures, I say, they speak themselves.

[Holds her by the Arm and Discourses, while Lurch endeavours to withdraw her from him.]

And though indeed my Publick Profession is of Physick, yet I dare aver, no Man in Christendom has a freer Hand in the Practical Part of Anatomy and Chirurgery.

Lurch. O Lord, O Lord, but you had as good deposit my Wife's Hand, Doctor, that it may not be a hinderance to your Discourse.

Mrs. Lurch. No, the Doctor does me a particular Favour, and if it be no burden to him, I am very well satisfied he continue it.

Dr. Lorm. 'Tis impossible, a Fair Lady's Hand shou'd be a burden.

Mrs. Lurch. I am much troubled with a Nausea in my Head, Doctor.

Lurch. And so am I, while your Tongue's there.

L. Ouf.

*Croft* (aside.) I can bear this no longer, that he shou'd Court any other Woman in my presence; I knew this devilish Company wou'd hinder me from enjoying him all my self; but I'll be even with Sir John for this. [The Doctor lets go Mrs. Lurches arm, and her Husband sits her arm into a place, which the Dr. receives, not knowing it.

*Dr. Lorn.* But now I will acquaint the Company present of some precious Rarities of my own Manufacture.

*Fourthly.* I have a most approv'd water-wash for the Face, call'd my *Lac Virginis*, which works wonders on the Fair Sex, in clearing and beautifying their Skins; and this Rich Cosmetick not to be sold a Farthing under five Guineas the Bottle, absolutely the greatest Secret in the European World.

*Lurch* (aside.) Absolutely the greatest Cheat in the whole Universe; how the Rogue squeezes me.

*Dr. Lorn.* Secondly, I have most precious Pomatons of all sorts, of my own composition.

*Thirdly.* I have rare py'd Night-Gloves of right Roman Kid.

*Fourthly.* Plumpers for the help of decay'd Ladies who are Check-fallen; Lead Forehead-Pieces all manner of Night-vizards, or Face-moulds, with several other Gallantries of great consideration and importance; but for fear of seeming vain-glorious, I shall pass by in silence the rest of my Abilities, and beg your Pardon, Madam, for keeping your fair hand a Prisoner so long, which I thus Salute, to expiate my Crime with all due ——— [Sees Lurch.

Sir, I am no Mountebank, I wou'd have you to know I am no Mountebank; Sir, let me tell you, I seldom or never knew any Person who made a jeast of my Profession expire in his Bed — I am no Mountebank, Sir.

*Lurch.* I know not whether I am in jeast with you or no, but I'll swear you have been in earnest with me, this hand of mine which you have worry'd so, knows it very well.

*Croft.* Mr. Lurch, Let me tell you that you have neither a capacity to distinguish, or good breeding in treating with such levity a Person so esteem'd for his many Virtues by all the World.

*Dr. Lorn.* Madam, you mortify me with your exceeding goodness, let the Gentleman alone, he will meet with his reward one time or other, as I said before.

*Sir John.* Doctor, will you favour me to order the Tiz as you mention'd for my Wife?

*Dr. Lorn.* You may command my Art, Sir John.

*Sir John.* Who waits without; bring Pen, Ink, and Paper quickly!

[*Dr. Lorn.* writes.

*Dr. Lorn.* Let your Lady take this, and I'll pawn my Art 't it does the business, it wants only to be superscribed; for when my Apothecary serves

a Person of Quality, he always makes use of his best Drugs.

*Sir John.* Now you have oblig'd my Wife, Doctor, I have another Patient to recommend to you, which is my Wife's Lap-Dog, who is so troubled with the worms, he's a very peevish little fellow.

*Dr. Lorn.* *Sir John.* I receive particular consolation in the Proposal, and declare it to be one of the chief branches of my Profession, the knowing how to Cure those tender Creatures, who are so lady-like in their Constitutions.

What Appellation or Name do you give your Ladyship's Lap-Dog, for your Dog, that I may superscribe?

*L. Crof. Cupid.*

*Dr. Lorn.* His Age, Madam, that I may regulate the Dose.

*L. Crof.* Two years, since *Candlemas* last past.

*Dr. Lorn.* Reads. For Mr. *Cupid*, Lap-Dog to the Honourable the Lady *Dorothea Croffit*, this will suffice.

*L. Crof.* Really I shall be overjoy'd when my Dog's Cured.

*Sir John.* I must put an end to this impertinence, Doctor, I have some business to dispatch this Morning, and therefore must beg your leave to go.

*Dr. Lorn.* Let me see what it is, a Clock, this is my Governour;

How, is't possible it can be so late, I am a ruined Man; certainly my

Watch runs upon wheels, I shall lose my Reputation absolutely, I should

have made my whole train of Patients by this time; when a Man is once

become necessary to the World, he is a Slave ever after. Ladies, I must

offer an unwilling divorce from your fair Companies.

*L. Crof.* Adieu, Doctor, to meet you I shall be at home.

*Dr. Lorn.* Adieu, dear Madam, and to meet you I shall be at home.

*L. Crof.* Adieu, dear Doctor, Your Fee, *Sir John*, Your Fee quickly,

and remember my Dog's Fee.

[*Sir John presses the Dr. to receive the Fee, who at first seems*

*reluctant, but at last is forced to take it.*]

*L. Crof.* You must force him to take it, my Dear, he's so modest.

*Dr. Lorn.* O Madam, *Sir John*, what do you mean to do? O pray, *Sir*

*John*, what do you mean? *Sir John*, your most humble Servant.

*Sir John.* You shall give me leave to wait on you down Stairs.

*L. Crof.* *Sir John*, my Wife and I have been trouble'd too long to you

and your Lady, and therefore will take our leaves also.

*Mrs. Lurch.* I hope, Madam, I shall find another occasion to shew how

much I am your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

*L. Crof.* Madam, you may command me; you will pardon me that I

leave *Sir John* to accompany you; I am so faint with the Vapours, I dare

not venture out of doors.

*Sir John.* Repose your self, my Dear, in your Chamber, and leave me to

serve the Company.

*Dr. Lorn.* *Sir John*, the Doctor, *Lurch*, and his Wife.

*Lady*

*Lady Crossit and Grace remain.*

*Grace.* Ay, you are much discompos'd, Madam.

*L. Crof.* I am all confusion, prithee call 'em to Sing the Song I love.

# SONG.

**H**ell's half eye, Power Divine, not look'd upon  
For light from your this Lightning came,  
That from his Eyes shot through mine,  
Down to my Heart a subtle flame.

2.

For as fast as I fly, I fly with my pain;  
There's nothing my Love and my Life can divide,  
For equally both to my Heart-strings are ty'd.

*L. Crof.* Dye hear, shut the door close: Well, we Ladies of Quality are all Slaves to our Waiting-Women. We are forc'd to trust them with our Secrets, and then they become our Mistresses.

[*Aside.*]

Have you shut the Door?

*Grace.* I have lock'd it on the inside, Madam.

*L. Crof.* Do you remember, how many Rich Gowns and Petticoats, how many lac'd Pinnars, Hoods, Scarfs, and Nighttrails, I have given you, since the three Years you have serv'd me, together with many other Vails, Perquisites, and Profits you have enjoy'd in my Service?

*Grace.* (*aside.*) What Tune will this Prelude end in, I wonder.

*L. Crof.* I do not call to mind my Favours, implying, that you are ungrateful; but only to encourage you to persevere in the Love and Duty you owe me, and in that Faithfulness and Secrecie I have always found in you. Secrecie, *Grace*, is a most necessary Gift and Accomplishment, for one in your Station.

*Grace.* 'Tis a Gift with which very few of our Sex are blest.

*L. Crof.* Art thou sure thou can't be Secret Proof.

*Grace.* I think I am, Madam.

*L. Crof.* But 'tis such a Secret, that if ever it should be discover'd, especially by my Husband, I am a ruin'd Wife for ever. Hast thou the gift of Secrecie? May I make thee my Confessor? But first to stop thy Mouth, I give thee that fresh Manteau and Petticoat I wore yesterday.

C

*Grace.*



*Grace.* Now, Madam, I am sure I have the Gift of Secresie, you may Confess with safety.

*L. Crof.* Swear thou wilt be true to me.

*Grace.* What Oath shall I swear by, my dear Sir?

*L. Crof.* Swear by any thing, so thou art not deceived.

*Grace.* Then, may I never wear Hood, Scarf, Manteau, or Petticoat, more of your Ladyships, when ever I am guilty of betraying my Trust.

*L. Crof.* Well, I must tell thee then, I am in Love, *Grace!* O that Doctor, that Doctor, that Charming Doctor, I dye for him!

*Grace.* 'Tis pity your Ladyship shou'd dye for want of a Physician.

*L. Crof.* O, this Doctor will be the Death of me.

*Grace.* That may be too, for this one part of his Profession.

*L. Crof.* Didst thou never observe, how often I have chang'd Colour at the sight of Dr. Lorman, my frequent Sighs, and languishing Looks, that have spoke too plainly my Passion.

*Grace.* Yes, indeed, I always thought your Ladyship had a kind of a grudging to him.

*L. Crof.* Ah, wou'd it were no worse; I love him even to Madnes.

*Grace.* Nay, now I find your Ladyship is in a desperate Condition.

*L. Crof.* Well, since I have made thee my Confident, I must inform thee what Service thou must do me in this Business. Knowing my Husband was to go to *Barnet* this day, and not return till to Morrow Morning, I went privately yesterday to the Change, and bought a dozen of the finest Holland Shirts, laced with the best Flanders Lace I cou'd lay hands on: These I have put up in a Band-Box, and intend you shall convey 'em to Dr. Lorman, in form of a Present.

*Grace.* A whole dozen of Shirts! does your Ladyship intend to wear 'em all off in your Service?

*L. Crof.* Leave your idle Questions: I intend to place a Letter in the Band-Box, which will sufficiently unriddle the meaning of my Favours.

*Grace.* I think the Riddle of your Favours is not so very dark, that it should want an Explanation: Those Coats of Arms, as soon as seen, are blazon'd; and declare your Ladyship of the Family of Love, without a Herald to pronounce it.

*L. Crof.* However, don't you fail in your Duty, and when the Doctor Reads my Letter, be sure you say a world of tender Things to him, such as I wou'd, were I present; thou hast Wit at command.

*Grace.* I warrant you, Madam, he's ours; he must be a Doctor of Marble, to resist such a Letter as you have writ. Besides, there's a Present will bring him with a Vengeance.

Love and a Bribe will make him soon surrender,

Such pow'ful Forces make all Hearts grow tender.

*Exeunt.*

ACT.



ACT II SCENE the Street.

Enter Feewell, and Belleville, meeting each other.

Feew. Dear Harry, well met, may I presume to guess whither you are bound in such haste?

Bell. No, my Friend, I'll ease you of that trouble, and let you know I am bound with all my Sails full to the Port of Love; Mrs. Lucy, your fair Cousin, Rich old Landy's Daughter.

Feew. 'Tis as I thought, you are a happy Man, you have the young Lady's heart, and her Father's liking, you cannot fail of making a prosperous Voyage, and carrying the Golden-Fleece off in triumph.

Bell. True indeed, I steer as yet with fair weather, and a prosperous gale in sight of the Port; but, my Friend, there are so many Sands, Rocks, and shallows to be pass'd ere I can enter, that if a Man be not an expert Pilot, indeed, he may perhaps founder in sight of it. I shall never think my self out of danger, till I have cast Anchor in the Harbour.

Feew. Never doubt, your Person, Vertues, and Repute you have in the World, with the deserts of a Thousand Pounds a year, are sufficient to secure you, without other help.

Bell. Of which I must owe your Friendship to be the chief; but why does old Landy torture me thus with these delays and puts off? it throws me into continual agonies, and suspicions.

Feew. O my Friend, these Rich old miserable Fathers, are always more considerate than other Men, they never slip up a Marriage in haste, but haggle to the last farthing, and love to have a lumpsum Pennyworth of a Husband.

Bell. I wish he were less Rich, then I wou'd convince him I value not his paltry dust, and that I Court your fair Cousin for her own sake, not for the sake of what he has to give her. But 'tis late, and I must follow where my heart is gone before me.

Feew. I am just now come from thence, and as soon as I have dispatch'd a word of business, at a house within half a fones cast, I shall be back again there as soon as you; for I have to tell you, that I have already engag'd old Landy and his Daughter to be merry at a Dinner I have prepar'd for 'em, where you, dear Harry, must oblige me to make one. Besides, you may have known that Landy the Landlord of the house where they lodge, has newly marry'd a young brisk Wife, with whom I have a small Intrigue in Embrio. My design is to get this young Wife of his to dinner along with us, in which I desire your assistance at my return, for the beast is not a little jealous of her; he has carried her abroad somewhere this Morning, and was not return'd home when I left old Landy.

*Bell.* Ah, *Ned, Ned*, wilt thou never leave this single sinful way of living? hadst thou not as good take up in time, and end honourably in Matrimony?

*Few.* I have no design to make an end so honourable as yet, this little World and I have something more to say to one another e'er we part. Well, fare you well, I'll be with you in a minute.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Lucy, and her Maid Phil.*

*Lucy.* Where's my Father, *Phil*?

*Phil.* I saw him about a quarter of an hour since, Walking about, with starts and paces, And talk'd, or rather mutter'd to himself, Some grumbling words.

*Lucy.* Couldst thou not distinguish any?

*Phil.* Very little, yet I listen'd for a fancy'd 'Twas you that caus'd his staggering, But I could hear nothing, but sometimes Too little, a very scanty pattern, then paus'd, and then, But this Girl, then paus'd agen, and then agen Repeated the words Too little.

*Lucy.* What power has Money in the mind it governs?

'Twill not allow Virtue to bear a price, Nor purchase any thing but its own encrease, And yet afraid to use it.

*Phil.* I hope, Madam, all will be well yet.

Sure Mr. *Belton's* merits will prevail.

*Lucy.* Did he see with my eyes they would, But Misers see no difference in Men, But what is made by Fortune.

*Enter Belville.*

*Bell.* Oh! my dear Mistress, in what tears I languish

Your Cruel Father keeps me on a rack,

By his delay; every look I take

From your fair sight, gives a fresh Torment,

To think what Curses rise against me,

To keep me from enjoying such a blessing.

*Lucy.* I have own'd enough for you to grieve

I share in your affliction; press him now

To give his final Resolution.

*Bell.* But if he should deny, let me have yours;

And keep his slighted Wealth for his own load

That clogs his greedy Soul.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* O *Bellville*, tho' I love you  
Enough to share the lowest Fortune with you,  
I dare not shew it by a disobedience;  
Though to a Cruel Father, one shake in any Virtue  
Will loosen all the firmness of the rest.

*Enter Landy.*

*Bell.* See where he comes, disturbance  
Hangs on his looks,

*Landy.* O Mr. *Bellville*, what, in your old pursuit?

*Bell.* I have no other Object in this World  
To wish or hope for, but the long'd for Blessing  
Of your fair Daughter.

*Landy.* And you forsooth, are languishing, I hope,  
As well as your warm Lover; all in haste,  
Reason and Consideration are grown Enemies.

*Lucy.* I hope, Sir, Mr. *Bellville's* Merits  
Are a just Reason for my value of him.

*Landy.* Yes, yes, send Virtue to the Market,  
And see what 'twill purchase: Mr. *Bellville*,  
I have perus'd the Authentick Copies  
Of your Estate and Fortune; I think  
It barely may amount to a Thousand Pounds per Annum.

*Bell.* Were it a Thousand Millions,  
All were too little

To present your Daughter.

*Landy.* We are not talking of if it were,  
But what it is; let me see,  
A bare Thousand, as we suppose at best,  
Is in troth too little, a very slender Patrimony.

*Lucy.* You talk, Sir, as if all Content and Happiness  
Were only plac'd in Riches.

*Land.* Hold your tongue, busie-box, when your Father  
Speaks, meddle not in the Matter, Hozzy;  
'Tis I am to give the Money, you have nothing to give  
But your Consent, a thing not worth a Groat;  
'Tis a fond property, that every Woman gives  
To the first Man she likes.  
You have been reading some vile Romance,  
Where the fine outside Fellow gets the Lady:  
I thought I had burnt all your Amorous Fables.

*Enter Feewell.*

*Feew.* What, in wrath, Mr. *Landy*, with your own Flesh

And

And Blood? Come, come, there's a Haunch of Venison  
And a Bottle of Burgundy that stays for you,  
Will set all right agen.

*Landy.* Angry, Cousin *Feewell* yes, very angry,  
'Twould move a Millstone to speak!  
The Gipsy interrupts me just as I am talking  
For her own good.

*Feew.* You know, Mr. *Landy*, she's an obedient Daughter;  
And you may kindly end these troubles;  
Tell me, when is my Friend *Bellville* to be made happy  
With your fair Daughter?

*Land.* 'Tis that I was discouraging of, Cousin,  
But things of Importance require a mature  
And weighty Consideration; but she's in haste,  
In a most Amorous haste, let me see  
A Thousand pounds per Annum—  
A thousand pounds.

*Feew.* So much my Friend has, *Mr. Feewell*, besides  
A considerable Personal Estate, which he's to model  
Never to mention; this joyn'd to what you are  
Able to give, may be a fair provision  
To make a very happy Couple.

*Land.* 'Tis true, what I am able to give, I am able  
To give; but by way of Bargain, and as I am  
A dealing Man, I am oblig'd to lay down no more  
In ready Moneys, than what's equivalent to  
Mr. *Bellville*'s Estate.

*Feew.* He has an Uncle, that has fifteen hundred  
A year, and no Child.

*Land.* And may give it I suppose to whom he pleases;  
Besides, Mr. *Feewell*, there's an old English Proverb,  
He that waits for Dead Mens shoes may go barefoot.

*Feew.* But sure, Sir, you ought to regard a little  
The many Vertues and Deserts  
Which render my Friend capable  
To pretend to any Fortune.

*Land.* Alas, Cousin, Deserts and Vertues  
Are meer Drugs now a-days, meer Druggs,  
No Man is lookt upon or esteem'd;  
But he that has Money, and where there's most Money,  
There's most Worship; and commonly  
Your Men of great Vertues, are great Beggars.

*Feew.* Our Fore-fathers, whom some will allow  
To be as Wise as we are, were of another Opinion.

*Land.* What Fore-fathers d'ye mean?  
A Company of ragged morose Philosophers,  
Who liv'd in Tubs, and Cellars, and worth nothing



But what they carry'd about 'em.

*Few.* Yet that was a greater Treasure than Men ordinarily can now boast of.

*Land.* What Treasure d'ye mean; their numbers Of Vermin, and other troublesome Companions That infested them?

*Few.* I mean their Knowledge and Content, Which Money cannot purchase.

*Land.* Nor cou'd their great Willsoms purchase a groat; Look you, Mr. *Bellville*, we have been Discourfing your Concerns; you have a zealous Friend, And I joyn with him in a juft and fair Affeem of you, But that muft not hinder my care and defire To fee that Gipsie well fetled; nothing of Consequence Ought to be done in hafte; we ought to look Before we leap; I like your Perfon, and My Daughter likes you, but foft and fair goes far; Time and Straw ripen Medlars.

*Bell.* 'Tis but juft reason you fhould have The fatisfaction due to a Parent In this, and all things that concern your Daughter: But fince you fay you have no great objections Againft my Eftate, my Perfon, or Conditions, I humbly beg your Promise as an earnest Of all my future Happinefs.

*Land.* Well, I promife you, as I may fay; well, I do promife you.

*Enter Mrs. Lurch.*

*Bell.* May all the Happinefs—  
Curfe of her interruption.

*Mrs. Lurch.* So, there's *Fewell*, as I thought; I muft give him a hint that my Husband Is to go abroad this Afternoon To receive fome Money; fure he'll have fenfe enough To take the hint, and give a civil vifit. Though the Brute fhould leave me under Lock and Key, as fometimes he does: I have a Key as good as his, thanks To my Revengeful Ingenuity.

*Mr. Landy*, your Servant; your Servant Sweet *Mrs. Lucy*.

*Few.* You come, Madam, feafonably, if you please To grant me the favour of your moft Agreeable Company, with the reft of your

Friends.

Friends here, to do Penance at a  
Poor Batchelor's Dinner.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Were I absolute Mistress of my self,  
And my own time, I could quickly resolve you  
How much more I esteem a Batchelor's Treat,  
As you call it, than what I am like to have  
At home with a Husband, who this Afternoon  
Goes to the other end of the Town  
About some earnest business; and leaves poor me  
All alone at home; I know not how to spend  
My time alone, not I. I swear—  
He is so wickedly jealous, that if I do  
But look on a Man, as I may now on you,  
Mr. Feewell, he immediately thinks I intend  
To make him a Cuckold.

*[She looks amorously upon him.]*

*Enter Lurch.*

*Feew.* What a Tottipotimoy Tyant 'tis  
She has given me a hint,  
And I must improve it.

*Lurch.* So, there's my Prisoner broke loose;  
I no sooner turn my back, but she  
Breaks Goal immediately; and talking  
With Feewell, whose frequent Visits to  
My House have given me suspicion.  
Heigh day, how she frisks and jettis her tail  
In and out——this can be no less than a Plot  
To Subvert the Government of her Anointed  
And Supream Head——but I shall dissipate  
The Conspiracy in a moment. Hark ye,  
Hark ye, Mrs. Wagtail, I have something  
To say to you, I have some earnest business

With you, by the leave of this Gentleman  
With whom you are so close in Council.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Earnest business! you have had no  
Earnest business with me the Lord knows when;  
But you always interrupt me, if I am engag'd  
In Discourse with any one.

*Lurch.* Very fine! I shall make you know  
That you ought not to be engag'd with any  
But your Husband, Madam; therefore  
I Command you, in virtue of Holy Obedience,  
To come away; come away, I say, and do not  
Provoke me to make use of my Sovereign Authority.

*Land.*

Land, Nay, sir, Mr. Lurch, now you are too good  
upon your wife, the Company have reason to take  
it ill; this Warfare of your Majesty is scandalous  
It's enough to deter a young Couple  
That are going to join hands.

Mrs. Luch. I am weary of this tedious life, I cannot  
Forbear saying so; he never fails me to see  
Any Company, or go abroad, but keeps me  
Under Lock and Key for whole days together,  
He had as good bury me alive.

Bell. Come, Mr. Davis, to make amends for the scandal  
 You have given. I propose that you permit  
 Your Wife to dine with us, and that you and  
 Be over-ruled by the present Court, to do  
 The same in order there, to make up this breach  
 Of Wedlock, and give ample security for keeping  
 The private peace hereafter. Now Ferrell draws to  
 Day, and will be pleas'd to have his Table fill'd with  
 Good Company.

Form. 'I was my intention to have been the favour, I have  
Not you prevented my Request.

Are, but I shall put a spoke in your wheel.

Am resolv'd to see it executed, and therefore  
I press you Mr. Lamb to master with us  
And the other moyer, your little  
To be merry to day.

**Don't be merry to-day.**  
**Lurch.** Me you may preff, but I will no  
**Don't may be preff, but I will no**  
**Come in as a Volunteer.**

Land, Come, it lies on my Chastity clear,  
To let this Domestick Fury pass;  
Why Man, you are not made to quarrel;  
Should you be left in this Fit alone?  
Your Spouse, in hot blood you have kill'd a Year  
Might be apt to exercise your Power  
Upon her.

Mrs. Arch. Let him do his worst. **Alms are already**  
Ceas'd between us, I fear, no fears of  
Manhood he can do.

Low, Come, no more of these lower matters,  
Prepare for nothing now but Mirth and Peace.

Lurch. Well, well, I submit, I must go lay up  
Some Papers, and will be there as soon as the Goldenrod meet to-day.  
You—Nay, Mistress, you shall along with me,

**The Honest Man's Reformation**  
You shall march with your Chief Officer  
We'll be with you presently  
Bell. How this Fellow with his Soliciting  
Jealousie prepares a Cockoldom for himself

**Enter Scribble, a Writer**  
Scribble. Save you, Mr. Land.  
Land. O Mr. Scribble, what News with you  
I hope my Mortgages stand good?

Scrib. O very safe, Sir; but I have a business  
That may deserve your privacy.

Bell. What a Devil brings this ill-humour upon you  
Land. Pray Gent. oblige me  
To entertain your selves in the next

Room, 'till I call you; I know your  
Unkindness to leave you together.

Now, Mr. Scribble, the business  
Scrib. Why, Sir, I hope that will be  
Acceptable to you; but first give me leave

To ask you, for I see Mr. Bellville  
Here, and there's a Report he's to have your  
Daughter Mrs. Lucy, I hope you are not engaged?

Land. Why, Mr. Scribble? he's a Gentleman  
Of a fair Character, and an indifferently  
Competent Estate.

Scrib. But I hope you are not engaged still  
Land. Why, why, good Mr. Scribble?

Scrib. Why, Sir, I am come with a Proposition  
To you, for a Gentleman of two Thousand  
His Name Sir Timothy Shallow, of a good family

In the North; the Shallows of Shallow Hall have  
Been ancient there, his Estate clear, and  
Much as I tell you; a plain honest Gentleman

And a Justice of Peace, and of the County  
Land. How, how, two Thousand a year?

Scrib. Yes, as good a two Thousand as I have  
Gentleman himself, upon my Account of your  
Daughter, and what you were very well able to give

Is so earnest in the matter, that he would need  
Presently present himself to you. I have lodg'd him  
Hard by, at a Friend's House, 'till I made way for

For his Reception.  
Land. Umh, this is very unlucky  
Scrib. You seem troubled, Sir.  
Land. A little, Mr. Scribble.

Land. A little, Mr. Scribble.  
Land. A little, Mr. Scribble.



Scrib. Do you not like my Proposition?

Land. Yes, Mr. Scribble, I like your Proposition

Very well; yes, very well, but I am——

Scrib. What, Sir——you are much concern'd.

Land. A little, Mr. Scribble——

Scrib. Yes, Sir, fairly and fully——

Least incumbrance.

Land. I am unlucky.

Scrib. I hope you have not——

Land. Why, in troth I have——

Or as one may say, in a manner

Given my Consent.

Scrib. But have you Sign'd any Agreement?

Land. Not at all, not in the least;

But always put off coming to the point

For I thought Mr. Bellville's Estate

Of the smallest; but at last being

Very much importun'd, I did——

I consented, or promis'd, or——

Scrib. And was this all?

Land. Yes, the very all, and——

And the word slip't out of my mouth

But just as you came.

Scrib. Well, well, there's nothing in this

Actionable, and therefore if you——

I'll fetch Sir Timothy presently.

To present himself to you, and your Daughter,

And if you agree, we'll make short work

Of it, to prevent tricks and devices.

Land. Pray do, Mr. Scribble——

I'll discourse the matter with——

A Man ought to do the

Best he can for his Child, you know; I'll tell him

So plainly, so pray fetch the Knight

Two Thousand Pounds per Annum, and a Lady

At first dash; not to be neglected.

Without there——

Call in Mr. Bellville, and——

My Daughter, I shall make a horrible

Pother amongst 'em; but my Daughter——

My Daughter, and if she be not wise enough

I ought to be so for her.

[Exit Scribble.]

[Goes to the door.]

Enter Mr. Bellville.

Mr. Bellville,

I have often told you, that Prudence

And Consideration ought to be used in

Matters of Importance, and the following

A Child is a great one.

Bell. I hope, Sir, you proceeded so when you

Promis'd me the Happiness of your Daughter.

Land. Soft and fair, good Mr. Bellville,

Importunities, and my Cousin Fessell's, were

So troublesome, that I think I did in a

Manner, and as a Man may say, I did not

Utter something of Consent, or of that

Lucy. So much, Sir, that sure I cannot

Any others, but Mr. Bellville's.

Land. Again Prattle-Box, at your own

Meddle when your Father promises Matters

For your good.

Fess. But your Reputation, Sir.

Land. Ay, Sir, my Reputation, Sir.

By keeping my self from being thought of

By seeming not to know a Shilling from a Sixpence.

In short, I have receiv'd a Proposal

From a worthy Knight for my Daughter.

With double Mr. Bellville's Esteem.

I say double.

Bell. But, Sir.

Land. No buts, Sir, no buts, I say

Conscience, and must and will examine the Matter.

Therefore no more words, they are but wind.

The Knight will be here presently.

Enter Sir Timothy Shallow and Scribble.

See where he comes.

Lucy. Bless me, what a Figure 'tis!

Scrib. Mr. Eandy, this is the worthy Knight

I made the Motion for, who cometh in Person

To present himself to you and your

Fair Daughter.

Land. He is very welcome, Mr. Scribble.

Sir Tim. Your Servant, Sir, and as Mr. Scribble

Told you, I come to offer my self as

Servant to your Daughter. I suppose,

Sir,

Sir, this may be she.

Land. Yes, Sir, such as she is.

Sir Tim. By your leave, Fair Lady, By the Mass, I ne're blink'd my Eyne on A titer Lass, in gode Faith, Mr. Land. You have a most bonny Daughter.

Land. Why indeed, Sir Timothy, Much a-miss, come, Lucy, hold up your Head, Leave whimpering, Huzzy, She's bathful, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yfaith, a most dainty Creature Look you, Mr. Land, its not make many words, I am downright Country all over, I don't practice the fine Words, and May be most of them the fashion of the Town; but in short, if you and the Lady likes me and my Estate, I am fully Satisfied; Ple produce you the Particulars Of an Honest Estate of 10000 l. a Year.

Land. A fair Estate, I am content, And when you please to bring the Particulars, We shall proceed, and I make no question, But fairly on all sides.

Sir Tim. Nay, its not so long in doing that, For I hate delays; besides, I have saying In this Town, I shoud be knockt here in A little time.

Scrib. If Sir Timothy pleases, we will depart now, And speedily return, with a full Account Of every thing, and short Headsman Agreements.

Land. With all my Heart, Mr. Scribble. Sir Tim. Nay, I warrant you I'll hasten Matters, For in troth, Fair Mistress, I like you exceedingly, And you shall live in the North, as well As the Proudest of them all, And have a Coach at your Command, And if you take to Love Hunting, I have as good a Pack of Dogs as ever laid nose to ground.

Scribble. Come, Sir Timothy, time calls upon us.

Sir Tim. I go, I go, Mr. Land, for this time farewell, Good Mr. Land, I shall be with you again Speedily; farewell Fair Mistress, I assure you I like you very much, exceedingly Faith.

Land. Come, Sir Timothy, Ple wait upon you now.

Lucy,

*Lucy follow me, I have something to say  
To you.*

*Enter Sir Tim. and Grat.*  
*Bell.* Was there ever such a turn of  
Of Fortune, I fancy'd that *Parchment*  
*Rascal* came for no good?

*Feew.* Was there ever such a turn of  
A Groat more purchases him from  
The freehold of common honesty.

*Bell.* 'Tis insupportable to think of losing her.  
*Feew.* Come, clear up, we will not lose her.  
We'll pursue 'em close, this Northern City  
Shall never Board our Rich Vessel.

*Bell.* I'll sink him and my self first  
Before he has fair *Lucy* for his Wife  
I must be first unmarried from my Life.

*Enter Lady Crossit.*

*L. Crof.* Are you sure you have it?  
*Grace.* I have it all without book to a title  
And your Ladyship has no more to do now  
And sling an old shoe after me for good luck.

*L. Crof.* Here's the Letter ready sign'd  
Take it you, and put it under the Shirts.

That when the Doctor goes to bed  
He may take it out with his own hand.

*Grace.* I like the Contrivance very well  
him to take up the Linen, and to put his hand upon it.

*L. Crof.* Use your own discretion  
I rely wholly on your Conduct.

*Grace.* Sir *John* is already gone to bed  
And there's no danger of his recovering.

For he is to lie at one of his *Tombs*  
As 'tis his usual Custom.

*L. Crof.* Thou art in the right  
Therefore carry my Letter, and the Present

To my dear Doctor, sure he will not  
A Person of my Quality sends him.

Well, I'll leave thee to bring home the good  
And retire to feed my *anxiety*

With the thought of my *lover*, till thy death  
Do but succeed, and bring him to my Chamber to night.

And I'll Reward thee beyond thy expectation.  
*Grace* (alone) Now if I can but carry the *Letter* of the Ceremonies  
And Conduct this *Embassador*



To a private Audience to Night, my Fortunes are made.  
Well, I find the Vapours her Ladyship complain of,  
Were only a mist she cast before her Husband's eyes,  
And the large Rewards she has propos'd,  
Have caus'd the like effects on me;  
Who am to hear all, see all, and know nothing.

As they who keep a Feasting-House connive  
At all the Cheats and Vices by which they thrive,  
When Maids and Miss in hugger-mogger come,  
Th' officious Chamberlain strait shews a Room:  
And tho' he more than guesses their Design,  
He has no other but upon their Coyns  
So I, as true a Chamberlain as he,  
Am guiltless of the Fact, to get the Fee.

*[Is going out, when Sir John Cross enters at the same time in his Riding Habit, and makes her start.]*

Sir John. Grace, is't you? what makes you look like this?  
Grace. To see your Worship return'd so soon.  
Sir John. I am return'd, only to take a Copy of a Lease I forgot.  
Where's your Lady?

*[Grace endeavours to hide the Band-Box.]*

Grace. Retir'd to her Chamber.  
Sir John. What have you got there, that you hide so?  
And endeavour to conceal from me?  
Grace. Some things that belong to my Lady.  
Sir John. What things?  
Grace. Only some new Head-dresses my Lady does not like.  
And I am going to carry 'em back to the Change.  
Sir John. Let me see 'em.

If they like me better than they do your Lady,  
It may be I may persuade her to wear 'em.

Grace. But I am sure you won't like 'em neither.

Besides, there are some things here, that Men must not see.

Sir John. If it be any thing that belongs to my Wife,  
I am sure I may see it, and will see it.  
I begin to suspect something.

Her starting, and endeavouring to hide the Band-Box makes me suspicious.

Open the Band-Box, and show me what you have got there.

Grace. 'Tis nothing but foul Linen indeed, indeed, Sir.

Sir John. First Head-Dresses, and then foul Linen.

This is meer prevaricating, it may be she has stole something,  
And I have seiz'd her in the act of Conveyance.

*[Aside.]*  
Come,

Come, open your Band-Box quickly, or I'll open it for you. A staying & to  
For I am in haste, and cannot lose time. W. Well, I had the honor to receive your letter, and I am glad to hear of it.

Open, Open, I say. W. I have only a minute to spare, and I must be quick.

Grace. Why should you desire to pry into William's Affairs?

I must not, and cannot open to you. W. I have a right to know what is going on in your family.

Sir John. Ple see that immediately. W. I will do so, Sir John.

[Snatches the Band-Box away from her, and opens it. Grace. O Mercy, Mercy, and Ple discover all.]

Sir John. First, let me see what discoveries I can make without you.

D'ye call these Head-Dresses? W. Yes, Sir John, they are the latest fashion.

They are very large ones. W. And the Fashion is prodigiously increased.

Grace. (aside.) If he looks any further, he certainly discovers the Letter; and I am ruin'd.

[Sir John pulls out another Shirt, and the Letter falls on the ground.]

Sir John. Here another. — But what does this Letter do here?

[Reads the Supercription.]

To the Dear Idol of my Soul.

This looks like my Wife's handwriting.

But now for the Contents. — W. I am sure you will find it very interesting.

[Reads.]

How

Thus to confess the Naked Archer's Power.

Till now thy Bullets were, and now thy Darts.

Slighted his weaker Darts, and now thy Arrows.

That only Arrow pierces to the Heart.

Which the well-aiming Bow-Boy shot for thee.

Who, wishing me no harm, has thus destroy'd me.

And took me Prisoner in his Holy Name.

And so forth in Doggrel Verse to the Bottom. What can this Love-  
Stuff mean? But hold, here's a Postscript. I think in Prose. What  
says this?

[Reads.]

Believe me, I am your true and constant Friend.

W. M. W.

Dir Doctor, my Husband is gone to Ballast his young and his old.

tomorrow mornin; the Nits are gone, and the Nits are gone.

to guard my Honor, and my young and my old.

Company to Nit, and my young and my old.

most unbel Servant: and then I think, and then I think.

[Reads.]

And then I think, and then I think.

And then I think, and then I think.

And then I think, and then I think.

And then I think, and then I think.

And then I think, and then I think.

And then I think, and then I think.

And then I think, and then I think.

And then I think, and then I think.

Dorothy Croft.

This

This is some of her own Ingenious Stile and Spelling; However, there's sense enough in it, to make me a Cornute. Pray, Madam, what was your Ladyship to have for the Pollage of this important Letter? what reversion of the next Sattin Gown or Silk Petticoat have you been promis'd for this great Piece of Bawdy Service?

Grace. O Mercy, Mercy; Pardon me but this one time, and I'll never do so again.

Sir John. (Aside.) That jealous Rogue, Lureb, who suspects all Wives as well as his own, was in the right I find.

Well, I will be Merciful for once to you, but on these Conditions; that you sincerely unravel the very bottom of this Intrigue to me; and Secondly, that you keep my Counsel, as you have kept my Wife's.

Grace. The bottom of the Intrigue is this; my Lady, who is deeply enamour'd of this ugly Fellow of a Doctor, went yesterday privately to the Change, and bought those dozen of Shirts you have discover'd in the Band-Box; and order'd me just now to deliver them with this Letter, as a Present to him in her Name; the rest you may easily understand by the Letter you have Read — I believe my good Angel was the cause of your unexpected return; for just at that very Moment when you surpris'd me, I had a qualm of Conscience, and was ready to waive my Commission. Thought I, what shall I be accessory to the wronging so fine a Gentleman, as your Worship is, for the sake of that ugly Blackamoor Doctor. Thought I, I'll never do it: — Your Worship's a fine Gentleman; I wonder indeed, how my Lady can have the Heart to fall in love with such an ugly Monster, when she has so fine a Gentleman as your Worship for her Husband.

[Sir John chucks her under the Chin.

Sir John. Well, well, I am glad to be thought so by thee, thou art a forward Girl, I have always had a particular Esteem for thee, and am resolv'd to continue it. (Aside.) The Baggage is full of Wit, and taking; I have had a liking to her long ago. (to her) But d'you hear, if you intend I should Seal your Pardon, you must now do me a piece of Service.

Grace. Any thing, Sir, to serve you, and to shew I intended you no wrong.

Sir John. Then thus; you must keep all secret from your Lady that has pass'd, or is to pass between us two: In the next place, you shall pretend to have deliver'd the Message and Present to the Doctor; and acquaint your Lady he will wait on her at the time appointed; and I instead of going to home, will take Possession of the Shirts, and play the Doctor in 'em this very Night.

*Grace.* But how will your Worship do, not to be discover'd who you are?

*Sir John.* Why thus: I intend to come late, and you shall order it so, that my Wife shall expect me in Bed; I shall have nothing upon me but a Night-gown, and when I am just ready to enter her Room, you shall immediately let the Light fall, or quench it out, as by chance so that I being undress'd, and having nothing to do, but to slip into the Bed to her, there will be no occasion of lighting the Candle again.

*Grace.* So far all goes well: But how will your Worship do not to be known by Talking, and in the Morning before your departure?

*Sir John.* That's easie still, for my Voice, when I talk in a whispering Tone, will not be distinguish'd. Then I intend to put on one of the Jac'd Shirts, which will favour my design still more: As for my parting undress'd in the Morning, thou know'st 'tis late before the day breaks this Winter Season, and I design to leave her before 'tis light, pretending fear of being seen to Morrow by the Neighbourhood, in the absence of her Husband.

*Grace.* You have answer'd all my Objections, and I promise to serve your Worship faithfully.

*Sir John.* Do so, and I'll not only forgive thee what's past, but also Reward thee Nobly——Be sure you take care your Lady knows nothing of this my sudden return by means of any in the Family.

*Grace.* There's no fear I believe of that: for she's retir'd to her Chamber, has there shut her self up, to Meditate, as she told me, and will speak to no body all this Afternoon but me: when I return as she imagines from the Doctor.

*Sir John.* Well, I'll slip aside till about Eleven at Night, at which Hour expect my Return, and get all things ready.

*[Exit.]*

*Grace.* Your Worship shall be serv'd punctually, leave it to my Management.

**ACT.**



ACT III. SCENE in Lurch's House.

*Enter Mrs. Lurch, and her Maid.*

*Mrs. Lurch.* 'Twas a Noble Entertainment Mr. *Ferris* made in,

*Betty* : yet I feel my eyes more than my stomach ;  
For every time I observ'd my Husband's head was turn'd from me,  
I immediately cast an amorous look on Mr. *Ferris*,  
Who seldom fail'd of catching it, and returning me another.  
What did not he ask me with his Eyes ?  
What did I not grant him with mine ?  
Our Eyes spoke faster, and explain'd  
Such Thoughts no Tongues could utter :

'Tis certainly a Language only of Angels, and of Lovers.  
Mr. *Bellville* was the best Friend I had at Table.  
He still ply'd my Monster of Jealousie with so many  
Healths, and full Glasses, that he lost'd him.

By meer strength of Wine, and Argument of Bumpers,

To change his natural ill humour for a good one,

And become a sociable Beast in Company.

Yet he did not forget himself so much.

But that as soon as Dinner was ended,

He order'd a Coach to be got ready.

And hurry'd me home along with him.

And is gone to the other end of the Town to receive a sum of Money.

*Betty.* What would you say if Mr. *Ferris* should come to you now ?

*Mrs. Lurch.* 'Tis not impossible.

For when I was going out of the Room where we were merry.

I remember I heard the Company talk something of breaking up.

Besides, I gave him a hint this very morning.

That my Husband was to go abroad.

*Betty.* This very morning I did as much.

Fearing the Infallibility of Eye-Language

Might fail in such Particulars,

And told him, this hour your Husband was to go abroad.

For which, like a well-bred Gentleman,

He put a New Crown Piece into my hand :

'Tis not the first I have had of him.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Then I am certain he will come.

If the Company does not detain him.

*Betty.* I hope you'll be civil to him, Madam, if he should come.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Oh, *Betty*, my heart's so full,

And I find my self in such a Confusion,

That I know not what I shall say to him if he should come—  
 Love has put me so on the rack of Expectation,  
 That I shall never be able to speak to him;  
 And I'm afraid he'll mistake my silence for a rebuke,  
 And be daunted in his Address.

Betty. Never fear, Madam, you'll find the benefit of your Tongue.  
 We Women never lose the use of it,  
 But in the Bed of Sickness, or of Love.  
 But should you be as mute as a Fish,  
 Dye think Mr. Feewel does not understand the hanging of the Lip,  
 And the Languishing cast of an Eye half asleep?  
 Besides, Men have more ways to the wood than one;  
 When they see that Love and whining Passion will not work us,  
 And that we expect to be put to the Question,  
 They behave themselves like an undaunted General,  
 Who, resolv'd to storm a Fort, admits of no Parley,  
 And puts all to the Sword.  
 Hiss, hiss, what foot-steps do I hear!

Mrs. Lurch. 'Tis Feewel on my lips; I tremble all o'er.

Betty. Let him come, we are two to one.  
 We'll give him as good as he brings, never fear.

Enter Feewel.

Mrs. Lurch. O Heavens! who's that, my Husband?

Betty. No, 'tis Mr. Feewel, Madam.

Mrs. Lurch. Sore Mr. Feewel has mistaken my Chamber.  
 For that of his Cousin Lady.  
 Even Joy of my eyes, 'tis impossible I should mistake.  
 When I have so sure a guide as Love to direct me.

Mrs. Lurch. You naughty Man,  
 How durst you venture to come into my Chamber,  
 When you knew my Husband was abroad, and I all alone?

Feew. That was the chiefest motive of my coming.

Mrs. Lurch. If my Husband should find me here,  
 I am ruin'd for ever.

Feew. Therefore we must prevent his coming upon us,  
 And dispatch my Love:

'Tis no time now to discourse or think of an absent Husband,  
 When a Lover's present;  
 Come, prithee, I am in more haste than thou imagine.

Betty [aside]. He has the true knack of undoing us.  
 He has such a pretty kind of way with him, no Woman can deny him.  
 My Mistress is reduc'd to her Eye-Language already—  
 Well, I'll take a turn in the Garden.

And

And leave the Knight and the Enchanted Lady together.

[Steals out.]

Mrs. Lurch. What, is the filthy Girl gone,  
And left me all alone with a Man?

Why Betty, help, help, where are you? I darn't call aloud now,  
For fear any body shoud' hear me.

Why Betty, Betty, [Aside. Softly.]  
Feev. Come, come, if Betty shoud' hear,

She has more wit than to answer;  
She knows you are in safe hands, come prithee, come this way a little.  
And do not put me to lug so hard, thou dear Creature.

Mrs. Lurch. Bless me, what do you mean to do, Mr. Feev.

Feev. Why, I do mean to bless thee, and my self too;  
But in the first place, I intend to lock the door,  
And after that, to retire with thee into the next Chamber,  
And I'll tell thee the rest when I am there.

Mrs. Lurch. I hope you are a Man of Honour, Mr. Feev.  
And intend me no harm,  
You see I trust you with my Reputation.

Feev. Ay, Child, I warrant thee,  
Thou shalt find that I am a true Man of Honour.

[As they are retiring, Lurch knocks, and crys  
without, open the door there.]

Mrs. Lurch. O my Husband, my Husband, what shall we do  
Feev. 'Sdeath, I fancy'd the Devil wou'd thrust in his horns,

When you began to talk of him;  
Is there no place to hide me in?

Mrs. Lurch. No place but an old Armory,  
And there he'll be sure to look in the first place.

Mrs. Lurch. All I can do, is to disguise you  
In some of the Maids Cloaths, that lie in the next Room.

Feev. Come, dispatch the Murderer then, if there be no other way.  
But I will not do, unless we can out fire, fire, and I hally in the smok.

Mrs. Lurch. So, so, now get to that Corner  
Rush out upon him, and he'll be gone.

[Having dressed him in a Petticoat and long Socks and Hoods,  
they cry out Fire, Fire, Fire.]

Mr. Lurch. Open the door, I say, open the door,  
Or I'll break it open.

Mr. Lurch. Where, where? O my Papers, my Papers.  
[Feev. opens the door, crying Fire still.]

Mr. Lurch. Where, where? O my Papers, my Papers.  
[Feev. enters, Feev. rushes out against him,  
and throws him down.]

Mrs. Lurch. I hope 'tis out again, 'twas but just begun;  
I was so suddenly frightened, that it made me cry out.

Enter Betty.

O Betty! I hope the Fire's out?

Betty. Yes, Madam, you need not be afraid.

Lurch. A very sudden Fire, and as suddenly put out.

There was a devilish strong docket Jade gave me a broad side, And whirled me about like a Gigg; You had got a very lusty Lady, a Fortune-teller, I suppose, Or a Cuckold-maker in Womans Cloaths, Which amounts to the same thing.

Mrs. Lurch. If a Broom were dress'd up in Womans Cloaths, Your Jealousie would make a Man of it immediately.

If you continue to mistrust my Virtue at this rate,

I'll give you cause to do so in reality.

Lurch. I think that's pretty well perform'd already.

Mrs. Lurch. None but such a jealous head as yours, Could harbour such a suspicion. How came you, pray, To return so soon from t'other end of the Town?

Lurch. Because I remembered I was injur'd to a Burial that way, as you know on Monday, And so I turn'd back, resolving to do it all under one.

Mrs. Lurch. No, 'twas your jealousy brought you back,

Only to plague me with your hot-headed Fit.

Be as innocent as I will, I must be condemn'd;

You're a great Encourager of Virtue indeed;

You ought in Conscience to ask my Pardon on your knees,

And 'tis well I have the Charity to forgive you.

Lurch. Forgive me, very good, forgive me!

Mrs. Lurch. Yes, forgive you, for thus publishing

Your own Folly, and my Dishonour.

Lurch. Excellent! come, we'll go in and consider the Matter; If any one wilfully destroys himself, they say he's *seu de se*, he shan't have cause to call me Cuckold; so, I shan't be tilted out of my Card and Vigilance:

Plots may be better laid, and then, if luck hold,

I may ask Pardon for being made a Cuckold.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II. of the Third Act.

Enter Landy.

Land. Sir Timothy has sent word he's coming.

'Tis well, very well, Mr. Bellville must give way;

A Knight, and 2000 per Annum not to be resisted;

Let Fools please themselves with empty Notions.



Of side Parts, and outside Virtue  
A dress up fashionable Gentleman—  
All fading Fooleries, their value a Notion;  
Give me the solid lasting Properties  
Of Land, and Money—*Q here he comes.*

*Enter Sir Timothy, and Scribble.*

*Sir Timothy.* you are a punctual Man, I like it well,  
I love punctual Proceedings, *Mr. Scribble.*

*Sir Tim.* Nay, Sir, you shall always find me  
Tite and honest, plain-dealing, and steady;  
Gud faith, I'm no waverer.

*Scrib.* *Sir Timothy* hath hereby brought you  
A true and honest particular of his Estate.

I have also prepared some short Particulars,  
With Blanks for either to Sign, if you so agree;

For *Sir Timothy* is much taken with you Daughter, and is in haste.

*Sir Tim.* Why, look you *Mr. Landy,*

(Father I hope that shall be) I am at a word, I hate delays,

Besides, I would fain be rid of this smoaky Town, so plaguy full of noise,

That a Man had as good live in a Belfry when they ring a Peal,

And things so strangely dress'd, as if it were all a Poppet-show;

I've e'en thought I had met two or three Ghosts,

They said they were the Sparks of the Town,

And call'd them by a strange name, Boughs, or something like it;

Slid they look'd as if they had been hal'd out of Meal-Tubs,

*Tom Hardware* our Miller does not go more besmear'd,

*Land.* For my part, *Sir Timothy,* I like an honest plain Country Gen-  
tleman, there's no tricks cover'd in fine words to abuse one another; a  
Civil-war of Tongues in this Town rages perpetually.

*Sir Tim.* Nay, in good faith, we carry your Daughter to Peace and  
Plenty, and shew you how well I like her, we make a Thousand a year  
Joynter.

*Land.* Enough, enough, good *Sir Timothy,* and I will give the Girl a  
Portion proportionably.

*Scrib.* It is then meet that you sign these short Articles accordingly.

*Land.* We'll retire to my Closet, and there finish.

Come, *Sir Timothy,* good Fortune attend us.

*Enter Bellville, and Forwell.*

*Bell.* They say this damn'd Image of a Knight  
Is come, with that Rascal *Scribble.*

*Forw.* Curse on 'em, what haste they make; 'till they give us no time  
for invention, we might else try to bribe that Scribbling Cur, he wou'd  
bark on any side for Money.

*Bell.*

*Well, I am so confounded, that my Thoughts jumble and crowd each other into confusion.*  
*Look, Fearwell;*

Enter Mrs. Lucy. — My dear Mary, how glad I am to see you.

See where that Sunshine comes, over-cast with a soft show'r—— O, my dear *Lucy*, while this gentle pity blesses my Soul with joy; the cruel fears of losing you, blasts all the springing Comfort; and withers into sorrow.

*LUCY.* How cruel is a Father, to make the Life he gave so miserable, as mine must be!

Enter Philadelphia basily 11/10/1971

*Phil.* O Mistress, we are all undone. I peep into my Master's Closet, and there's the Bumkin Knight and he, Signing and Sealing, and that Ink-Bottle Rascal, busie in diverting the Papers.

*Ferd.* This is worst of all.

*Bell.* I am lost beyond Redemption, there's no avoiding this ruin, unless fair *Lary* will fly with me, and in my Fortune find shelter from this storm.

Lucy. Alas, I dare not ! I cannot fly from that which Heaven makes my Duty.

Enter Servant: page 1 & v2 mod 1 f' Use bnA

Serv. Mr. Belleville, there's a Gentleman without, come Post from the Country, who desires to speak with you.

Bell. Let him come in—  
What, then, is this?

Enter Elliot, *Servant to Mr. Bellville's Uncle.*

How ! EBiot—what News with you ?

Ell, Very sad, at least to me, your Uncle my grand Master is dead, and has left all his Estate to you, Real and Personal. His W<sup>ill</sup> is made from his Steward, Mr. Trusty, who keeps all things in order till now for you, and desires you to hasten down with all the speed you can.

*Ball.* 'Tis so—My Uncle was lately in good health.

[Bellville reads the Letter.

Ell. Yes, Sir, but died suddenly of an Apoplexy, I left a good Master.

And you have found another, if complete, **EMERSON** in the same volume. We might like to have the same volume, but we would not say the same for the same.

Link on way here for Monday

Elliot. I've know my Lodging. Elliot?

Well, Sir, I was directed from thence to find you here. — H. Ash  
 Well, Go thither then, and refresh your self, I believe you have rid  
 hard, I have some Business that I must look after; but I'll come thither  
 with all the speed I can, and then order every thing.

EW. I'll wait there for you, Sir.

[Exit Elliot.

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But I fear 'tis gone too far.

"I shall run him again, and let him make a wind-sail to sail  
 with the wind that changes, and turn off his Knight, as he did the  
 Squire.

11. **Sign'd** But if he has Sign'd Covenants, he'll never venture the hands of  
a Suit of Law, he dreads a Writ, as he wou'd a piece of Canon fir'd  
him.

For, 'Life, how dull we are; yet if we could make him of our Party, the might be some convenience to him; this might be fast upon a wrong Adventure.

Q. Yes. It's possible this additional consideration might incline his  
Avaricious Prudence, but I fear 'tis too late.

Phil. Mistress, I have a Fancy come into my Head, that may do.

May, 'is a very pretty spot, and is no less than 50 miles  
my life a lady.

Feen. On my Life, I have hit on the Game; fancy with *Will* & *Will*. Miss is to pack the Cards upon him, and *Shuffle* me to hang up instead of my Mistress.

From. Say no more, *Phil*, I have it all; thou art the Father, and I the Mother of this Plot; let me alone to shape it, now thou hast got it.

Yell, Brother Cyprian Farnell, what is? nile  
a fern. Say no more, but let me alone with my Cousin Lady, 299, Red  
wife shall be Taught your Part in good time, and you Cousin Lady have

nothing to say, but to ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> and to hold, after the Parson. M 572  
 Phil. You intend, I suppose, to draw my Old Master into the Plot.  
 It cannot fail: he will certainly take the Bait, and then Mistress I may

*Lucy.* With all my Heart, *Phyll*; thou dost deserve it for taking mine.

*Ferris*: Come, no Words, nor Conjuring up Doubts, withdrow, and leave me to Assault this Castle of Treasure, which is unfortified to hold out against such Batteries as I shall raise against him. observe well your

Parts. One thing I had forgot; you, Billy, you must fear a little cold.

and your new Fortune, and being so ill used by him, had chills your passion for his Daughter; stay, give me the Letter, now be gone, whilst I wait for his bolting out.

*Bell.* Heaven prosper your attempt.

*Ferr.* They are gone in time, for where the Squadron comes, led by Captain Scribble, having, I suppose, newly sign'd the Treaty, even I shall

*Enter Scribble first, Landy, and Sir Timothy.*

*Scribble.* Give you joy, Mr. Landy, and you, Sir Timothy. I suppose you have no business more for me at present, I must hasten and provide other Matters necessary for the Wedding.

*Land.* Do, good Mr. Scribble.

*Scribble.* I must about Markets too, in good faith; Mr. Scribble the Dutchman, and pack together, to long y faith to make Mrs. Day the Lady Shallow, and life return quickly.

*Land.* The sooner the welcome, good Son, and I think I may now call you 'all home.

*Sir Tim.* And I hope I may call you Father, and get a little Son to make you a great Father, and I shall be a Father's Blessing.

*Sir Tim.* And in god faith life hasten to get it, so farewell 'till then. He quickly come to fetch my Lady, to cherish the Family of the Shallows.

*Land.* So, all goes well. Pretty y faith! they would have persuaded me to take Ninempenal for a Noble, very pretty y faith. O Cousin Ferris, your Servant.

*Ferr.* I wanted to speak with you, Cousin. What, about the old Story? Pray Cousin Ferris give off the pursuit of that Matter, 'tis a cold scent, and I am engag'd, fully engag'd in it. I hope not, Sir, for 'tis a new Matter I have to acquaint you with.

*Land.* New Matter, pish, what new Matter? My Daughter's my Daughter, and my Care of her the time and a Thousand a year is but a Thousand a year, and two Thousand is two Thousand; and I must see Mr. Bellville to forbear further troubling himself, and me.

*Ferr.* I wish, Sir, he may not too readily comply. He had your Promise, and I assure you, resents his injury.

*Land.* I think I did utter a hasty word, or so, but two Thousand a year is a very good Excuse.

*Ferr.* But almost three Thousand is a better Argument. I resolve, without Mr. Bellville's leave, to acquaint you that his Uncle is dead, and has left him above Fifteen Hundred a year, besides a great Personal Estate.

*Land.* How, Cousin, sure this is a device?



*Feen.* Read this Letter, and if your Opinion holds, you will relent what you now say in.

*Land.* By my life tis to indeed, nay, I have heard his Uncle had such a fair Estate. O *Mr. Feen*, what have I done?

*Feen.* I hope nothing but what may be undone.

*Land.* O yes, Cousin, that scilicet scilicet Rascal has fetter'd me in Articles, to get his Fee.

*Feen.* Not so fast, I hope, but that you may get loose.

*Land.* O impossible, they'll clap Writs upon me, and toss me into the Spiritual Court, where no flesh ever escap'd destruction.

*Feen.* I am very much troubled, is there no Remedy?

*Land.* O I would there were, Cousin, you know I ever esteem'd Mr. Bellville's Person.

*Feen.* I must confess I wonder'd you were so suddenly fond of this Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance; besides, you knew your Daughter lov'd Bellville, some Consideration should have been had of her Content.

*Land.* Alas! 'twas for her sake, care of her, tis very unfortunate, had this News come but a day sooner.

*Feen.* That's not to be helpt now, if I were you, I'de stand the Suit.

*Land.* No, Cousin, I'de as willingly Death should Arrest me as a Sergeant, and had as good almost fall into the hands of the Hangman, as the Lawyers; besides publick shame, Cousin.

*Feen.* Wou'd you be truly and heartily pleas'd, if a way might be found to let you safely free, and Bellville to have your Daughter?

*Land.* O Cousin, Cousin, with all my Soul, I have found this Knight to be Sir Shallow, indeed a very Corcomb.

*Feen.* And will you readily set in the Saddle, if a handsome one be contriv'd?

*Land.* Most cheerfully, Cousin, trust me, most willingly with my best skill and power. But dye here, Cousin, will not this great addition of Fortune, shew'd to the unhappy plague of Mr. Bellville, make him fly off?

*Feen.* 'Trot he is something grumb upon the Matter, but 'tis possible his love for your Daughter may overcome.

*Land.* Perswade him, good Cousin, work him into earnest, and forgive him; always esteem'd his Person, desire him to believe it from a penitent and hasty Father; good Cousin can you tell where we may find him?

*Feen.* Hastily Sir, for I left him taking his leave of his Mother. Now her begin to put finger in eye.

*Land.* When I see he'll fall off. Call 'em in, good Cousin, and tell me tis that you say to your own design; call 'em in, good Cousin, and endeavour to sever him by the way; tell the Girl I charge her to look kindly upon him.

**Enter Well.** Sir, I'll try my utmost  
 But be sure, Sir, to be very kind to him. **Lucy** *Exit Well.*  
**Land.** Doubt it not in the least. Now am I to go to Sentence and Repentance, and my Penitance will be (no doubt on't) an additional Portion; how this Earthquake of Land has shaken me? No matter, if the Floor be well laid, and succeeds, I shall be contented, and my poor Girl will be pleas'd. And I consider, when Riches give me leave, that the truth on't is, this Knight is a very Coxcomb, and my Daughter had been as well dispos'd of in a deep Well, as to this shallow; what Troubles have I twilted my self into! O these Girls, these Girls, every one of them gives as much trouble as a Lease of Boys, they must be reared like Orange Trees in a cold Country, kept within doors, and carefully how'd; what a happiness it would be for Parents, were there an Insurance Office for getting Boys instead of Girls, any Wife Man would give Ten in the Hundred to have his Wife Insur'd. So, they come — for my Cousin **Fern** is working the matter.

**Enter Fern**, earnestly whispering with **Bellville**, **Lucy** and her  
*Lucy* *Exit Fern*

**Bell.** Have you any Commands for me, Sir?

**Land.** I wish Mr. **Bellville**, I had the power to Command you, but I am now the Penitence for what you once said.

**Bell.** I do not understand you, Sir.

**Land.** I think you once said I was a Coxcomb.

**Bell.** I did, Sir.

**Land.** And now, Sir, I desire you should have heard me.

**Bell.** Once indeed, Sir, you seem'd to be of that mind, but presently I was forbid to hope that happiness.

**Land.** I was too hasty I confess, and if you still love my Daughter, the shall plead my excuse. Speak to him, huzzy.

**Lucy.** What should I say, Sir?

**Land.** What should I say? When I recollect at you, my Daughter, then you could interrupt me with your chattering, and now you can't speak — look kindly on him, and win him into kindness and forgiveness.

**Lucy.** You hear, Mr. **Bellville**, what my Father says, if you love him.

**Land.** Well said, my dear Girl, I think that was a very wise saying. You ruin it, Mr. **Bellville**.

**Bell.** I must ever love Mrs. **Lucy**, I dare not deny that powerful truth; but to what purpose is all this discourse? I hear you are engag'd to Knight-hood.

**Land.** Then let me speak, I have promis'd my Cousin **Lucy** to find a way to free him from that engagement, and joyfully consent to his part in the Floor, and if you love Mrs. **Lucy**, still, she shall be your



Feenell (reads) Sir, To Morrow at Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, my Husband goes abroad to bury the Corpse of a dear friend, this is to let you know, I am not your Companion, I am not to be with you, because that you would not omit so blessed an Opportunity.

Lurch. (aside.) To make me a Cuckold, I will not. Feenell (stands on.) I shall not be with you at the place appointed, and without Seconds; if you are a Man of Honour do not fail me, who am your

Lurch. No Seconds, said he? No, but I will be a third, to hinder the effusion of Christian Blood.

Feen. Yes, fair Inviter; I will meet you in the afternoon at Morrow, how long will that be, saying a few words to the people, and then away with Patience! To Night I'll go in search of some other intimate Acquaintance, with whom I may be free, and over a Glass of Life-giving Liquor, I'll heighten Humour, and Enjoy my Friend.

To Morrow for my Mistress, or my Wife. Lurch. Your Mistress, and my Wife—Hence forward I shall never wonder at these Bitter-douces, for being made up in the fashion of Horns—Blessed Opportunity, and Man of Honour—O fine Age!

O dainty fine Age! O delicate Age! What a Wife of defence have I got! O Husbands, Husbands, you that will be the Lords of Mistresses, behold, and purr your heads in the snare: We have a goodly company that we entered the prison with, but we must find our level, and come to such good Behaviour, and we shall be as good as new, and there is We have a goodly company that we entered the prison with, but we must find our level, and come to such good Behaviour, and we shall be as good as new, and there is

To the living Partners, in the matrimonial snare, Advance, and creep round the wily Gin, That seems to scuffle the Bail within.

At length (for nothing hazzard, nothing hold, Hunger and Women make a Concord hold) The thoughtless Animal, reliev'd to dare Ventures within the Matrimonial Snare:

Down falls the Trap-door of the Frenchman's House, And makes a Husband of that wretched Mouse.

End of the Third Act. Enter before I open it, from whence it comes. Enter (aside.) So have I'll wait.

ACT. I. Enter (aside.) So have I'll wait.



# ACT IV. A Night Scene.

*Enter Sir John, Grace, Sir John, and a Gentleman.*  
*Sir John.* I Am got loose from her Ladyship at last! Never was poor

*Sir John.* Man so put to it, to play the Lover with his own Wife!

• One such another Night, would have forc'd me to have cross'd the Cudgels, and confest'd the Husband in my own defence.

*Grace.* *Justly.* Sir John, Sir John, is it you?

*Sir John.* Yes, tis I, all that's left of me.

*Grace.* I heard your Moaning, came out of my Lady's Chamber, I have not slept a wink all this Night, for fear my Lady should have discover'd you, and I was terribly afraid she had, because I heard her speak a Noise, and cry out, as I thought, my dear, when you were last here.

*Sir John.* That was in the right, the Out-cry was made by my Wife, but not because she discover'd me.

*Grace.* Why was it then?

*Sir John.* True to be sure I was in a great sort of a sweat at my parting, instead of a more civil good Morrow, she might reasonably have expected from me.

*Grace.* I cannot comprehend your meaning, Sir.

*Sir John.* To be more plain then, I have left such Marks of Remembrance behind me, on her Ladyship's Face, with these Ten Executioners, that the Doctor will not be able to cure them this Month, with all his Art; in short, I Counterfeited the Madman all of a sudden, rose from her Bed in a Clap of Thunder, like Jigger from his Mistress, and have left such a storm of my Fingers ends on her Visage, that she writes no more Love Letters in haste, I parted her Head from her Neck, Ga you up to your Lady immediately, and drive so close as you can, as you can, and above all, be sure you tell her, you have heard say the Doctor is given to be Lunatick on certain Seasons. Go get your gun, you'll find I have lock'd the door upon her. In the mean time, I'll dress myself abroad in my Riding Habit, in order to return home again, as from the Country. Do as I bid you, and leave the rest to me.

*Grace.* Well, I will go to her, as you have Commanded me, tho' I tremble at the approaching Storm.

*Sir John.* *Alone.* This is to have a Matrimonial Conduct.

Happy were all the Husbands in the Nation.

Could they, like me, put down th' old Hating Fashion.

And follow this new Dance, as I have led in.

Of Outbidding themselves to save their Credit.

*Exit.*

From Landy

VI T O A

Landy. The Plot's admirably laid, it can't miss, I can't but be pleas'd to think my poor Girl shall be pleas'd too. To say the truth, Mr. Rector, an honest worthy Gentleman, she was almost as good have been coupled to one of his Hounds, as to this Knight, but he'll not be unprovided of a Wife; and o' my Conscience Phil. will make one good enough for him.

Land. O Sir Timothy, I see you are a match maker. Sir Tim. In good faith I have been so to pursue the Chase, when I like my Game.

Land. Nay, I must confess, I think I am a fair Quarry. Sir Timothy. And how is that? Land. I have provided all things, and the honest Man of God will be ready for me, because I have provided for him.

Land. Without those, I bid my Daughter come presently.

Sir Tim. He quickly gang into the Church with her, I am here like one that has lost his way in the night. I hope, Father, we shall see you at eleven o'clock, I have been waiting for you.

Land. Thank you Son, all in good time.

Land. I cannot comprehend your meaning, Sir. Sir Tim. To be sure, I cannot comprehend your meaning, Sir. Land. I cannot comprehend your meaning, Sir. Sir Tim. To be sure, I cannot comprehend your meaning, Sir.

Land. Why, my dear Girl, I have been waiting for you. Sir Tim. I have been waiting for you. Land. I have been waiting for you. Sir Tim. I have been waiting for you.

Sir Tim. It is the custom when Women are going to be married, they all seem fearful. Why, there was a young woman of our Town, I was invited to the Wedding, she was held up by her friends all the while, but when she came to the altar, she fell down and died.

Land. Besides, Sir Timothy, you may well imagine, that a young man must leave a good Father's house, and go to the world, and get a new one.

Sir Tim. No matter, Father, I shall be happy to see her hereafter, and I shall be happy to see her in the North, where there is no such another, I shall carry them to the Northern Star.

Land. Notably said, Sir Timothy, I shall be happy to see her hereafter, and I shall be happy to see her in the North, where there is no such another, I shall carry them to the Northern Star.

How now, Mr. Bellville, what brings you at this time of day?

Bell. You may easily guess, Sir, I come to demand my Right, and to demand your Right, Sir, which your Right does bring me to demand.

Land. Your Daughter, Sir, and you are not to be denied.

Lucy. Mr. Bellville, my Daughter's disposed of, and I am bound in Conscience to this Worthy Knight.

Sir Tim. I have no say, Sir, and I shall not keep her.

Bell. You shall neither do with ease or safety; I shall not quickly submit to such an injury.

Sir Tim. Nay, good faith, if you are angry, you may turn the Back on your Child, and I shall be glad to see you go.

Bell. Are you, Madam, consenting to my injury and ruin?

Lucy. I must obey my Father, Sir.

Land. That's my good Girl. In troth, Mr. Bellville, I esteem you, and wish you well, heartily well; and if you wish my Daughter well, I hope you will not endeavour to hinder her good Fortune; let this prevail with you to excuse me; Come, Child, Mr. Bellville is reasonable as a Father; I do not doubt, Sir, that your Merits will make you happy in another.

Few. Faith, Bellville, this is generous, for that I could wish you might desert, if possible.

Land. O thank you, good Conscience, I pray you good Mr. Bellville, you see it is impossible for me to go back now.

Bell. But I can sue you upon your promise.

Land. But I have signed nothing.

Few. Come, Bellville, a Law-Suit will but bring trouble to you all, let me beg you to desist.

Lucy. Since I must obey my Father, you will but raise a storm upon us all.

Bell. May, Sir, since you are of the Party, I must submit.

Land. In troth, Mr. Bellville, this is very kind of you, with you had another Lady at the same time, I would make you happy, that I may make your Wedding-Feast.

Few. Why, on my Conscience that may be, Sir, Bellville will; I know a Lady that has loved him long, and deserves him, of any one. Now to make all things clear, and that the World may see that you are discharged from your Promise, I would propose that Bellville should be Mrs. Lucy's Father, and give her in the Church, and permit me to fetch the fair Lady that loves him, and I to be her Father, and give her Bellville at the same time.

Sir Tim. Good faith, a rare Contrivance.

Bell. Since I have yielded to quit Mrs. Lucy, I can easily submit to all the rest.

Land. I shall be glad to see you go, Mr. Bellville, O Conscience, my Face has ruin'd my Face to that degree, I will never be my own again!





<sup>3</sup> till now; therefore I do not feel it right to tell you anything more about my condition at present. I believe you will understand me.

*L. Cross.* It must be so, *Grace*; for no man living, in the plant States would have made this *Woman* so free a slave. And I am sure that you'd find too passionately a *Woman* as free as I am.

Grace. Ah! poor Lady, my very Heart bleeds for you! Did you per-  
ceive no ill in your posture? I Madam, Lin the Stiles, was alteration of his Carri-  
age before the Morning?

what was very agreeable and I had no time so to complain of him the first part of the Night.

the Grass. These men, who study hard, are often given to odd fancies, and liable to madness; but to show in no such an unusual way, is something more than one would have supposed and it gave W. ed. 1838: 32. 1838: 32.

to Sir M. Madam, Sir J. is returned from Germany I of bnA 10/10 1.

blo. Craft. O Grace, what shall I do more? What Excuse shall I make for  
my Face? say quickly, or I am ruin'd for ever. Sir John will ask me even  
by questions why I am so beheaded. I will answer him. I will be true.

100000 Tell him any thing, Madam, that you have had a Fit of the Fours, the Swimmings in the Head, and have got a Fall, and so may your self be any thing else that comes into your Head first; If a Woman lets her self loose thus, she will not mistake her case for that of a Ruffian, but

Q. Now, I am so distracted, I can neither think of my duty or my

Grace. Lay your self down quickly then, and receive Sir John in your Bed, as becomes your Holiness.

L. Crof. Had I receiv'd no other, besides Sir John, I had never been of

[illegible]

**Sir John:** What ails your lady, I wish the Sorrows tell me she is very ill.

the Vapours, and spoil'd all her Beauty with an unlucky fall.

Sir John. Ah my poor Dear; how I am distressed —

Di. Conf. All Sir John, my Niece, my Son, my Wife, has rejoyc'd all this  
Misfortune; my Fate is better, I sent off my Body, I am hurt in the very  
Soul. Sir John, what will that dear Heart come?

Sir John [Aside] I find Women have Souls too. [To her] My Lady, I will  
do for you, my Daughter, as you find your self? O, my dear

L. Cref. Troubl'd with an ague, and

Sir John. But has not the Doctor been with you yet?

WILL. Cross. O no, Sir John:

*Sir John.* Why, what a neglect's that? *Grave* look about your belly, that see he wants nothing, I like I my self go for the same, I won't be.

*L. Cross.* No Doctor, I beseech you, my Dear, don't put your self in these perpetual Expenses.

*Sir John.* I take it unkindly of you, my Dear, that you should think I grudge to give a Guinea or two to do you good; my whole Estate is too little for such a Wife.

*L. Cross.* You'll ruin your self with Doctors Fees. *On Sir John.* Sir John!

*Sir John.* Ay, ay, my Dear; I'll look it over the Town, but I'll find him out, and send him to you immediately; I have patience a little, and I'll send him to you.

*L. Cross.* What *Grave* must I see this Devil of a Doctor again, after all my Distortures? I shall tear his Eyes out of his Head, if ever I light on him, and revenge the Wrong he has done to my Face on his *with a roar* Grace. And so I would, Madam, and repay it with Usury.

*L. Cross.* And so I will, *Grave* therefore charge you get a couple of my Foot-men ready with stout Oaken Planks. But he'll never be so bold to approach me, sure, not even so close near the House.

*Grace.* It may be he has forgot what he has done in his mad fit, and may come; but if he does, let me alone to prepare a substantial Battering for him.

*L. Cross.* O, I am so afraid of Visitors, I give Orders to all the House, that I'll see no body; I'll see no body this half Year. O this Face that has Captivated so many, is stick'd in itself.

*Enter Mrs. Lurch and her Maid.*

*Mrs. Lurch.* So, *Betty*, now we have caus'd the great Chest to be brought from the other Room into this, and got the ladder of Ropes ready; let

*Mr. Ferwell* come when he will, I am prepar'd to receive him without fear of being discover'd by my Husband: This Plot is so well laid, it cannot be taken. When Husbands grow jealous, they only put us to the trouble of being so much the more Ingenious, and working the Web of our Designs faster.

How long is it, *Betty*, since my Husband has been gone to the Burial?

*Betty.* About half an Hour, Madam.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Is't possible, 'tis no more: O what a sweet half Hour of Bove's lost by *Ferwell's* not making more haste to take his share of it!

*Betty.* 'Tis scarcely yet the Hour you appointed him.

*Mrs. Lurch.* When will that dear Hour come?

*Betty.* Immediately, Madam, have but patience.

*Mrs. Lurch.* O, 'twill never come, 'till he comes!

*Betty.* Then 'tis already come, for here he is.

*Enter*

Enter Fearwell.

Alas! Am I not during Labour, in venturing to mount that breach a second time, where I lately staid a scowling so narrowly?

Mrs. Lurch. And to appear a Confess'd Man, whereas before you were glad to sneak off in the opprobrious Shape of a Woman.

Fear. Love, Child, can do all things; Almighty Love, that Transforms the Gods into Birds and Beasts; and all other sort of Living Creatures.

Mrs. Lurch. Transform'd your Worship into a Chambermaid. If I mistake not, there is another God call'd Fear, altogether as Powerful, which work'd this last wonder, and diminish'd you from the stronger Sex, to the weaker.

Fear. Fear that thy Husband should have discover'd thee, no other; But whatsoever Fear diminish'd in me then, Love has restor'd me now. I can tell thee; and if thou hast any doubts left concerning my Sex, I am come on purpose to clear 'em.

Mrs. Lurch. You had as good let the Trial alone, I shall make a Woman of you the second time; for my Mind misgives me terribly; and I know not why, that my Husband will return upon us unexpectedly as he did before; and if he should, you'll be changing Sexes again: But for your Comfort, I have taken Compassion on you this time, and found out a securer Retreat than you made use of before; I have prepared a Ladder of Ropes, not a Rope and a Ladder for you; by which, if my Husband should surprize us, you may easily escape out of my Bed-Chamber Window into the Garden, and then let your self out thro' a back door, into the Street: As for that Cheek you see there, 'tis a Trap for my Husband, if he should return untimely to disturb us.

Fear. Prithce tell me no more, I know too much already, and would not think my self secure in my Enjoyment; it's difficulty and danger, make an Intrigue pleasant.

[Lurch looks at the door softly.]  
Betty. Madam, some body knocks at the door.

Mrs. Lurch. Bless me! Who can it be? My Husband would have knock'd louder, and with more Authority; go to the door softly, and listen a little: How I tremble all over?

[Betty goes to the door.]  
[Lurch from without in a Woman's Voice.]  
Lurch. Will my Lady buy any Ribbands or Gloves to day?

Betty. Madam, we are undone; on my Life it is my Master, who feigns a Woman's Voice; it must be so, for I am sure I have turn'd away the Ribband Woman once to day already. I am certain 'tis a feign'd Voice.

Fear. Then I suppose, I must in good Manners betake my self to the Ladder of Ropes, and scamper.

Mrs. Lurch. You must so, and that without delay, there's no help for it; but if the Plot I have laid succeeds, I'll not be long from you.

Fear. That's all my Comfort; what Noses these Husbands have got! this is the second time this old Bowman has smelt me out.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lurch. Adieu. *[Exit Mrs. Lurch]*  
 Feenell. What so coldly must we part! By Heaven, I will have the pleasure of ravishing a Wife or two, now they are hands! So much, and the more I veng'd on him. *[Exit Feenell]*  
 Mrs. Lurch. Go, get you gone, till you can kiss her man. Betty, assist him quickly to escape, and leave me to manage this Ribbands-Woman. I will go to bed. *[Exit Mrs. Lurch]*  
 Feenell and Betty go into the Chamber.

Mrs. Lurch. Who's there?  
 Lurch. *[In a Woman's Voice]* The young Lady's sign. Give me some of those fine new-fashioned Gloves, and new fashion'd Ribbands, no Man in Europe has finer.

Mrs. Lurch. So, she has discover'd herself. *[Enter Betty]* I must play him a trick. *[Exit Betty]*  
 Betty. why don't you make more haste? the Chest, the Chest, Betty! Lock the Chest upon him quickly, quickly. *[Exit Betty]*  
 Mrs. Lurch. I have no need of either Gloves or Ribbands, besides, I am sure I shall have another day.

Mrs. Lurch. So, she has discover'd himself. *[Enter Betty]* I must play him a trick. *[Exit Betty]*  
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 Mrs. Lurch. I have no need of either Gloves or Ribbands, besides, I am sure I shall have another day.



*Mrs. Lurch.* Whom do you mean? Sir, as you will, I will do you most service.  
*Lurch.* You know, Minx, with enough without more of my dear heart,  
that Polluter of my Bed, and the pervert of my Marriage, I mean.

*Mrs. Lurch.* How should I know his name? I will do you most service.  
*Lurch.* I believe it is so, and I am sure you will do me most service.

*Mrs. Lurch.* O my Dear, I have put your Table-Linen in my and other things, and had it brought into this Room, to be readier at hand.

*Lurch.* Where is the Key of it? I give you the Key.

*Mrs. Lurch.* You have put it in such a hiding, I know not where I laid it; 'tis well I am not with child; such a sight would certainly have made me so.

*Mrs. Lurch.* I am sorry, what is a Bastard? I will do you most service.  
I am resolv'd to plead Not Guilty, in the face of the World, to declare it a Bastard from the beginning, and proceed to deliver it to the Court. Come, come, without delay, deliver me the Key of the door, and I will do you most service.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Nay, prithee, my Dear, I will be so kind to deliver me the things there, I believe it is so, and I am sure you will do me most service.

*Lurch.* I believe indeed, there is something that you will do me most service.  
I am resolv'd to plead Not Guilty, in the face of the World, to declare it a Bastard from the beginning, and proceed to deliver it to the Court. Come, come, without delay, deliver me the Key of the door, and I will do you most service.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Yes, I will do you most service.  
I am resolv'd to plead Not Guilty, in the face of the World, to declare it a Bastard from the beginning, and proceed to deliver it to the Court. Come, come, without delay, deliver me the Key of the door, and I will do you most service.

*Mrs. Lurch.* Yes, I will do you most service.  
I am resolv'd to plead Not Guilty, in the face of the World, to declare it a Bastard from the beginning, and proceed to deliver it to the Court. Come, come, without delay, deliver me the Key of the door, and I will do you most service.

*Lurch.* Then all the World is the right.

*Mrs. Lurch.* 'Tis your Will, make you do it; you had best kill me, and be hang'd for it.

*Betty.* Good Sir, don't hold the Gun so against my Mistress; Lord! if it should go off.

*Lurch.* Let her give me the Key then.  
Enter Sir John Croft.

*Sir John.* Why how now, Mr. Lurch, Arm'd, and in a furious War-like posture?

*Lurch.* Yes, Sir John, I am upon my guard, being near the Enemy.

*Sir John.* What Enemy, Mr. Lurch, I see none but your Wife?

*Lurch.* Why that's one, the other is enclous'd here in this Fortification; but I shall soon deliver it.

*Sir John.* Sir, Mr. Lurch, your jealousy makes you fancy it.

*Lurch.* Sir John, I never saw a Marriage in all my life, but a Cuckold-Maker belong'd to it; every Husband is at fire of his evil Genius, as having a shadow when the Sun shines on him. A Cuckold-Maker is an inseparable

integrate from our Calling, as an Apothecary from a Doctor of Physick  
he Prescribes, but the Apothecary Administers.

Sir John. Yes, Mrs. Lurch, you grow Extravagant.

Lurch. Let her give me the Key then.

Mrs. Lurch. There are Women's things, that no one is to be seen.

Lurch. I believe so, truly; now Sir John, do you perceive, Sir John, look you, Mrs. no more delays, if you'll not open the door, I'll fire upon the Castle.

Mrs. Lurch. Hold, hold, Sir, here Betty, give him the Key.

Betty. There it is, Sir, now for your Discovery.

Mrs. Lurch. So, have you found this mighty Enemy I have said of?

Lurch. Nay, Mr. Lurch, this is so unreasonable, are you not ashamed?

Mrs. Lurch. I had earn sure, this is odd, very odd.

Sir John. Yes, Mr. Lurch, come ask your Wife forgiveness, and be her more like a reasonable Man.

Lurch. Why, I confess I did believe she had made me a Beast, and my sweet heart, we'll forget, and forgive.

Mrs. Lurch. And how long will you continue reasonable?

Lurch. As long as you please to let me, company, Dear, no more skirmishing, Peace is concluded, and I'll present thee with a handsome New Gown, and the Appurtenances, as a Testimony of my Reconciliation.

Sir John. Well said, Mrs. Lurch, and now prepare for Mirth and Jollity, we shall be presently invited to Mrs. Lurch's Wedding, and Mr. Lurch has prepar'd a mighty Feast.

Mrs. Lurch. Send him a happy Voyage through the uncertain ways of Matrimony.

Constant severeness that warm Sex inflames.

The wildest Haggards, gentle Manners tame.

Too much ill usage, and too much ill trust.

Raises Revenge, to make their Crimes seem just.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Lady Crossin's Anti-Chamber.

Enter Grace alone.

Grace. There lies my Lady in the next Room, Railing at, and cursing the Doctor, and swearing she'll tear him to pieces if he dares come near her, and it cannot be long before he must come.

Enter Doctor and Man.

Doctor. You are Born under a Lucky Planet, you are the happiest Man.

my

My Lady thinks it an Age till she sees you! But we must speak softly, she's run half Mad for you; well, 'tis most certain, you are a most taking Man with the Ladies; and you know mine in particular, has always had an Effect on your Person, she does nothing but sigh all day for you, I believe poor Lady she'll run Mad; but you must be secret, or you ruin all, you know there's a Husband in the case.

Dr. Lorm. Poor Lady, she needs not fear, I took an Oath to be secret, when I was Sworn Doctor: Alas! she is not the first Lady who has fallen in love with my Person, 'twill be the last of my Women Patients are in her Condition.

Grace. I must inform you, that my Lady has had the Misfortune to hurt her self a little with a Fall, as you'll see by her Face, and has taken that occasion to resign her self into your hands, has sent her own Husband to fetch you, and lies on her Bed in the next Chamber, expecting your happy Arrival; I blush to say more, but you may guess the rest.

Dr. Lorm. What her Ladyship has a violent fever, or the vapours, or warrant, is it not? Well, let me alone with her Ladyship.

Grace. But hold, do you Entertain your self in this Room, while I acquaint her that you are come, as I am order'd: If the violence of her Passion should cause her to be extravagant in her Actions, you are not to be surpris'd, now I have told you how excellently she loves you.

Dr. Lorm. Never fear, I can be as Extravagant as she is, I like an open bare-fac'd Love that contents itself, the more manifest the Disease is, the more easily the Remedy is applied.

Grace. Expect here a Moment more, and you shall be admitted immediately, I assure you you shall like a Doctor, and not like a Doctor's son.

Dr. Lorm. Doctor or Lover, Lover or Doctor, Student in Physick, or Student in Love, are Synonymous: We Doctors of Physick have a large Cure of Bodies, an unlimited Privilege over Fleem and Blood.

But here's my Patient! Hem! Hem! Now to show my Skill in managing an extravagant fit of Love: Now to show my self a Physician of Paris.

Dr. Lorm. Where is this Devil? Where is this cruel, insupportable, barbarous Monster?

Dr. Lorm. (On a soft voice) Here am I, no Devil, but a Man; a kind, yielding, melting Lover, while she's a desperate taking! Hem! Hem! How she hangs on me, and devours me with her eyes.

I. Croffit. (aside) What does the Villain fear and laugh at me with? O Devil! Devil! Let me come near to thee, that I may revenge my self for all I have suffer'd.

Dr. Lorm. (getting loose from bed) Hold, what art thou? He's in a furious fit of Love I see; the Old Philosopher was in the same

*Prima Causa est acerrima.* The first Engagement is the sharpest. Truce; Truce, a little, and I'm for you again.

*[Lady Croft follows him round the Stage, with her Arms stretched out as before, and the Doctor makes the more haste to put himself*

*L. Croft. O Impudent Devil! Monstrous Hell-bound! a Rape! Help! Help!*

*[Servants come in with Cudgels, and have made him round the Room.*

*Dr. Lorm. Treason! Treason! Murder! Mercy! Murder! O my Grevat and Perriwig! What shall I do? My Profession's spoil'd for ever!*

*L. Croft. Monster! Devil! Pound him, break his Bones, beat him to a Jelly*

*Enter Sir John Croft.*

*Sir John. What all the Noise is an uproar! Hold there, and let me know what's the Matter amongst you; who's that Fellow undrest there?*

*L. Croft. O my Dear, a Monster, that would have offer'd Violence to my Virtue, would have ravish'd me, but for the Servants who came in to my assistance.*

*Sir John. Speak Monster of Monsters; what art thou?*

*[Shaking him by the Collar.]*

*Dr. Lorm. O, Sir John, your most humble Servant; I am a Doctor of Physick, my Name's Lorm.*

*Sir John, your most humble Servant.*

*Enter Grace.*

*Grace. Dr. Lorm, what, a Doctor of Physick Practising undrest; is it you good Doctor who would have thought it I could have sworn But-ter would not have melted in his Mouth by his fine Talking? Well I shall alwaies suspect the worst of a fine Talking man, that can do nothing but Talk finely, for his sake.*

*Dr. Lorm. (aside) Now I begin to see day a little, the Lady is Literally run Mad for Love, and in this mad fit, she thinks I am some Monster or other, and has treated me accordingly. But I must frame some plausible Excuse, to save my Credit and Doctoral Authority, if the aking of my Bones, will permit me to Harangue.*

*Sir John. Honour'd, Sir, I imagine you are not a little surpris'd, as also, your much Honour'd and Virtuous good Lady; who by this time, I dare aver, is return'd to her good Senses again, to behold a Person of my Coat at this present in disorder. But when you shall have understood the Reasons I had to put in practice this Mysterious Operation; I promise my self, you will not only hold me guiltless of any ill designs, but also applaud my Conduct and Physical way of Proceeding in a Matter of so weighty Consequence.*

*L. Croft. (aside) What, is the Villain going to discover all? What can this mean?*

*Dr. Lorm. Perceiving at my first Entrance. But first, let me beg the favour of perusing my Hippocras again.*



*Sir John.* By all means, pray let the Dr. peruse his Habilliments.  
*Doctor (dresses himself, and speaks.)* Perceiving at my first Entrance, as I was saying, that your very honour'd and vertuous good Lady's indisposition——*Sir John.* may I beg the favour you wou'd be pleas'd to order one of your Attendants to restore my Periwig to its former decorum.

*Sir John.* By all means, Doctor; who's there? give the Doctor's Wig to my Valet to revive it a little.

*Dr. Lorm.* Perceiving at my first entrance, as I was saying, that——

*Sir John.* I pray dispatch, for my Wife's indispos'd, and wants repose.

*Dr. Lorm.* Now I am a Doctor of Physick again, and can harangue.

*L. Crof.* How the Villain holds me in suspense. *(Aside to Grace.)*

*O, Grace,* I am ruin'd for ever, if he produces the Letter I sent him.

*Grace.* *(Softly to L. Crof.)* Never fear, Madam, let him go on, I warrant we have Caged him into discretion.

*Dr. Lorm.* Hem, hem, perceiving at my first entrance——

*Sir John.* He's perceiving at his first entrance again, what did you perceive at your first Entrance?

*Dr. Lorm.* That your honour'd and good Lady's indisposition had troubl'd and diverted the right course of her Senses; which I soon discover'd by a disorderly stare, or rowling of her eyes; it immediately came into my head, to restore your Lady's health, by playing a piece of ingenious Extravagance: upon which, incontinently I fell to undressing and dismantling my self——

*Grace.* Yes, incontinently indeed, Doctor!

*Dr. Lor.* And threatned to assault your Vertuous Lady by way of a Rape; but as I hope to receive a Fee to day, without any sinister intention, *Sir John,* your good Lady's natural inclination to Vertue, restor'd her to her right senses again; caus'd chiesly by the fright with which I struck her good Ladyship, for I had put on a look as fierce as that of a Centaur.

*Sir John.* That is to say, of a Horse Doctor, by way of Parenthesis only.

*Dr. Lorm.* *Sir John,* I am your most humble Servant; but I am a Member of the Reverend Colledge.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* There's a Footman without, who enquires for Dr. Lormain, says he comes from my Lady Lackis, who lies dangerously ill, and desires the Doctor would come to her immediately.

*Dr. Lorm.* *(aside.)* She's a very Impertinent Lady, I am not in a Condition of serving her at present, but I'll make use of this pretence to go home, and apply Salves and Ointments to my back and sides. *(to Sir John.)* *Sir John,* I am heartily sorry I am interrupted by the Request of this Lady, for my Personal Appearance to relieve her, and that I have not leisure to dilate on this wonderful Cure I have wrought to day moining on your very Vertuous, and much honour'd Lady.

*L. Crof.* I can assure you, Doctor, I wou'd rather have chosen to have remain'd indispos'd, than to be cur'd by such an undecent and filthy way. It has put me in such a *Fit*, that I have bin honor'd viz. two and twenty times with Grace. *Ho ho ho ho!* Admirably well Counterfeited, Madam.

*D. Lorm.* There is a virtuous Wife for you; *Sir John*, you are very happy in a virtuous Lady.

*L. Crof.* [*Aside.*] I seem to be sorry for his being beaten to satisfy my Husband (*to D. Lorm.*) I am infinitely concern'd, Doctor, that you have receiv'd so bad a Recompence for the great service you have done me to day. My Servants beat you like a very Stock-Fish.

*D. Lorm.* Dear Madam, never trouble your self for that, the Credit I shall gain in the World for this Operation, will make me sufficient amends. I aim at Fame. — Madam, *Hercules* gain'd Heaven by his Club; and I mount up to the top of Fame and Heaven of Reputation, by means of the Cudgel, like a second *Hercules*. — But I must take my leave of you now, *Sir John*, to wait on this Patient, who expects me; she is a Lady of Quality, and must be serv'd punctually.

*Sir John.* You have more need to look after your self, Doctor; you must of necessity have receiv'd some damage in your outward Man.

*D. Lorm.* Nothing at all, *Sir John*, a trifle, a Rib or two of lesser note broken, or so; nothing else, on my word, a meer Trifle. *Sir John*, and Madam, your most humble Servant.

*D. Lorm.* *Sir John*, I wonder you'll put your self to this trouble, to depend your Favours 'till I have done your Lady some further service.

*Sir John.* But for the beating, Doctor, you must accept it indeed.

*D. Lorm.* You are so obliging, *Sir John*, I well, I'll protest I'll have nothing from you, for my next Visit. *Sir John*, and sweet Madam, your most humble Servant.

*Sir John.* [*Aside.*] So he said, the very last time he was here; so far by the help of my own Wit, and *Grac's* assistance, I have carried it, victoriously, not only satisfied my self on the Body of him that might have made me a Cuckold, but also reveng'd my self bodily on my Wife, that would have made me a Cuckold.

Come Sweet heart, how does your Face?

*L. Crof.* O *Sir John*, so torn and scratcht.

*Sir John.* Scratching is an Appendix to Caterwauling.

*L. Crof.* How, *Sir*?

*Sir John.* Your Doctor, Madam, was justly beaten for his wonderful Cure, but he was to have cur'd you another way.

*L. Crof.* I know not what you mean.

*Sir John.* You may understand without my telling you.

*L. Crof.* What should I understand?

*Sir John.* Your own Folly.

*L. Crof.* Ah me.

*Sir John.* No more, you must understand me now. The Leter and Shirts, miscarr'd:

misconduct and have said enough, your Repentance will be better received  
you than Excuses, or seeming Ignorance.

*L. Crof.* Oh Sir *John*, Can you forgive me? *M. B.* still and *W. Crof.*

*Sir John.* Ple try.

*L. Crof.* By all my hopes of good, Ple never more injure you in a  
Thought.

*Sir John.* 'Tis well, rise and compose your self, for we are invited by  
*Landy*, to his Daughter's Wedding, they are ready to come from Church.

*L. Crof.* I hope, Sir, you will not carry me in this Condition.

*Sir John.* Yes, but I will, for else worse Interpretation may be made of  
it; no more words, I must be obey'd in this, I have hid your shame and  
mine: Henceforth, be your own Doctor, and prescribe your self a Constant  
use of Virtue.

For that Receipt you're fail'd of doing good.

And Cures the looser Feavers of the blood.

*Enter Landy.*

*Land.* By this time *Lucy* has her Willies, and I have mine; if the Plot  
should be discover'd, I hope *Belleville* has too much mettle to lose his Mi-  
stres; the Knight will look as blank as a Cut-Purse, that finds no Money  
in the place he searcht for—No matter, 'tis not the best Game he has lost,  
and *Phill* will stand him another very good Chance.

*Enter Mr. Lurch and his Wife.*

O Mr. *Lurch*, you are welcome, heartily welcome, and your fair Part-  
ner too; they are coming, Mr. *Lurch*, with your Pectors about 'em.

*Lurch.* I wish they may prove Easie to all, especially to fair Mrs. *Lury*.

*Mrs. Lurch.* She deserves all Happiness.

*Land.* A thank you both.

*Enter Sir John Croft and his Lady.*  
*Sir John.* Welcome good Sir *John*, and your good Lady too; what is  
not your Lady well?

*Sir John.* She has got an unhappy fall, Mr. *Landy*, and very much hurt  
her Face, but her respect to you and Mrs. *Lury*, forc'd her to come, not-  
withstanding her unfit Condition.

*Land.* In Troth, Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you, the new Mar-  
ried People, I believe, are near upon returning.

*Sir John.* Mr. *Belleville* will be a happy man.

*Land.* None, Sir, my Daughter is to be a Lady.

*Sir John.* How, a Lady?

*Mr. Lurch.* This is very strange.

*Land.* 'Tis very true, Sir, a Northern Knight, one Sir *Timothy Shallow*,  
has out-bid Mr. *Belleville* by a Thousand a Year.

*Sir John.* I wish Mr. *Landy* that you are not brib'd to make your Daugh-  
ter unhappy.

*Land.* I have known many, Sir *John*, very unhappy by being too Poor,  
but never any by being too Rich.

*Harka.* ——— *Enter*

I hear 'em coming.

*Enter* *Fee* well like *Hymen*, going before; *Sir Timothy* and his *Landy*, and *Bellville* with him.  
*Fee*. What's here, a Mask?

I now represent *Hymen*, *Signior Landy*,  
 My Deputy has done as well as can be;  
 Has made their Tongues tie knots to such a wonder,  
 That their own Teeth, tho' Bones, can't know asunder;  
 And now we are for jollity preparing,  
 Which all (till deep Night calls) shall have a share in.  
 Then we must leave the Lovers to their own share;  
 To end their Kind Disputes in Civil Warfare;  
 Where the least Mercy the most Love expresses,  
 And he most gentle proves, that most oppresses.  
 While the Fair Sufferer Languishing cries for aid,  
 The God of Love's the only pleasing Tyrant;  
 Advances, *Sir Tim*, and with a dutiful guessing,  
 Find out your Daddy quickly, and ask Blessing.  
*Sir Tim* *Kiss Blessing*.  
*Land*. What, Madam, not down upon your Marbleones? come, off  
 with your trumpery — how — what have we here?

*Pulls off her Hood.*  
*Sir Tim*. What's the meaning of this? woe's me, what have I got?  
*Phil*. An Obedient Wife, *Sir*.  
*Sir Tim*. Nay, in good faith, hold a blow, he not be chous'd so.  
*Land*. Where's my Daughter, I am abus'd, where's my Daughter?  
*Bell*. Here, *Sir*, with her Husband, and beg your Blessing.  
*Land*. Hey day, what means all this?  
*Sir Tim*. Nay, by the Mass, Mrs. *Lucy* is my Wife, and no other, and  
 he seizes my own Chattel where I find her.  
*Bell*. You must seize this first.

*Offers to draw.*  
*Sir Tim*. What a God's name, must one fight for his Wife? *Father*  
*Landy*, I pray let us fend for Mr. *Scribe*, and clap Actions on 'em for  
 Cheats and Robbers.

*Land*. 'Troth, *Sir Timothy*, Law-Suits are dangerous Bogs to get  
 into, we may sink faster than we can get out; besides, I fear Matters are  
 gone too far.

*Fee*. Be appeas'd, *Sir Timothy*, what's done, can't be undone; be  
 contented, many have done worse, you have Marry'd a handsome Woman,  
 virtuous and good.

*Lucy*. Believe me, *Sir*, none exceeds her in goodness, and good har-  
 mony; I have esteem'd and lov'd her, as I would a Sister.

*Land*. Why, in troth, *Sir Timothy*, since we are both deceiv'd, the  
 best way is to bear it patiently; and, in troth, she has always behav'd  
 her self so well, she shall not come a Beggar to you.



*Lucy.* I hope, *Mr. Bellville*, for my sake, will add to my Father's

*Bell.* That I will, most willingly, and as largely as my dearest *Lucy* pleases.

*Feew.* Look you there, Sir Knight, come, give her your hand; nay, never hang back, there is no other Remedy; come, come, she'll bring you a brave young *Shallow*.

*Sir Tim.* If it must be so, y faith I'll gang into the North as fast as four Legs will carry me.

*Phill.* This minute, if you please; Sir, you shall ever find me an Obedient Wife, and with true Love and Care will ever strive to please you.

*Sir Tim.* Since I am Pounded, and no leaping out, I'll even make the best of a bad Market.

*Landy.* I dare swear you will be pleas'd with her, when you know her better. Come, no more words, nothing now but Munk, and every Man take his Lady.

*Feew.* I having none of my own, must presume to borrow another Man's.

*Lurch.* Like enough, in troth.

*Enter Servant to Landy.*

*Serv.* Sir, here are Gippies, that desire admittance.

*Landy.* Let 'em come in, all's free this day.

*Enter Gippies.*

1. *Gippsie.* Bless you Masters, we'll tell your Fortunes.

[To *Bellville*.]

O Master! you may be happy if you will,  
For 'tis a good Jack, that makes a good Gift.

2. *Gippsie.* Master, Master.

You have a great Cross thro' the Line of Life;  
Perhaps y'are Jealous; y'had as good trust your Wife.

[To *Lurch*.]

3. *Gippsie.* You shall enjoy good health, and good cheer,  
And have a young Huntsman within the year.

[To *Sir Tim*.]

4. *Gippsie.* O brave Palms, you have Mistresses plenty,  
And you can be Constant at once to twenty.

[To *Feewell*.]

*Old Landy.* Come, Mr. *Lurch*, you cou'd Sing well in your young days,  
if Marriage has not crackt your Voice, let's hear the Dialogues between you,



